



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES



3 3433 07479587 7

POX LIBRARY ✓



such Collection.
entered in 1878.



1



20
Cater
per

ILLUSTRATIONS
of
STERNE:
with
OTHER ESSAYS AND VERSES.

BY JOHN FERRIAR, M.D.

Peace be with the soul of that charitable and courteous Author, who, for the common benefit of his fellow-authors, introduced the ingenious way of Miscellaneous Writing!

SHAFTESBURY.

PRINTED FOR
CADELL AND DAVIES, LONDON,

by
George Nicholson, Manchester.

M.DCC.XCVI11.



ADVERTISEMENT.

The following essays are of so familiar a nature, that they require no formal introduction. A part of the Comments on Sterne, which were published some years ago, has been incorporated with these Illustrations; but with the exception of those few pages, the work is entirely new. Tho' all the pieces of this miscellany may be considered as the fruit of "idle hours not idly spent," in the intervals of an active Profession, I hope it will be found that they have been composed with a degree of attention, proportioned to my respect for the opinion of the public; and that I have not been rendered presumptuous, or careless, by the indulgence which I have experienced on former occasions.

Of certain Varieties of Man	193
Menippean Essay on English Historians.....	225
The Puppet-Shew ; a didactic poem : partly translated from Addison's <i>Machinæ Gesti-</i> <i>culantes</i>	255
Of Genius	269
Dialogue in the Shades.....	289
Knaster ; an elegy.....	303
A Northern Prospect.....	311

ILLUSTRATIONS
of
STERNE.

STERNE, for whose sake I plod thro' miry ways
Of antic wit, and quibbling mazes drear,
Let not thy shade malignant censure fear,
Tho' aught of borrow'd mirth my search betrays.
Long slept that mirth in dust of ancient days,
(Erewhile to GUISE, or wanton VALOIS dear)
Till wak'd by thee in SKELTON's joyous pile,
She flung on TRISTRAM her capricious rays.
But the quick tear, that checks our wond'ring
smile,

In sudden pause, or unexpected story,
Owns thy true mast'ry ; and *Le Fevre's* woes,
Maria's wand'rings, and the *Pris'ner's* throes
Fix thee conspicuous on the shrine of glory.

ILLUSTRATIONS,

&c.

CHAPTER I.

Probable origin of Sterne's ludicrous writings.—General account of the nature of the ludicrous.—Why the sixteenth century produced many authors of this class.

It sometimes happens, in literary pursuits, as in the conduct of life, that particular attachments grow upon us by imperceptible degrees, and by a succession of attentions, trifling in themselves, though important in their consequences. When I published some desultory remarks on the writings of Sterne, a few years ago, having told all that I knew, I had no intention to resume the subject. But after an enquiry

has been successfully begun, facts appear to offer themselves of their own accord to the investigator. Materials have encreased on my hands, from a few casual notes and references, to the size of a formal treatise: I trust it will be found, however, that I have had sufficient discretion not to bestow all my tediousness on the public.

When the first volumes of Tristram Shandy appeared, they excited almost as much perplexity as admiration. The feeling, the wit, and reading which they displayed were sufficiently relished, but the wild digressions, the abruptness of the narratives and discussions, and the perpetual recurrence to obsolete notions in philosophy, gave them more the air of a collection of fragments, than of a regular work. Most of the writers from whom Sterne drew the general ideas, and many of the peculiarities of his book, were then forgotten. Rabelais was the only French wit of the sixteenth century, who was generally read, and from his obscurity, it would have been

vain to have expected any illustration of a modern writer.

Readers are often inclined to regard with veneration what they do not understand. They suppose a work to be deep, in proportion to its darkness, and give the author credit for recondite learning, in many passages, where his incapacity, or his carelessness, have prevented him from explaining himself with clearness. It was not the business of Sterne to undeceive those, who considered his *Tristram* as a work of unfathomable knowledge.

He had read with avidity the ludicrous writers, who flourished under the last princes of the race of Valois, and the first of the Bourbons. They were at once courtiers, men of wit, and some of them, profound scholars. They offered to a mind full of sensibility, and alive to every impression of curiosity and voluptuousness, the private history of an age, in which every class of readers feels a deep interest; in which the heroic spirit of chivalry seemed to be tempered by letters, and the continued conflict

of powerful and intrepid minds produced memorable changes, in religion, in politics, and philosophy. They shewed, to a keen observer of the passions, the secret movements, which directed the splendid scenes beheld with astonishment by Europe. They exhibited statesmen and heroes drowning their country in blood, for the favours of a mistress, or a quarrel at a ball; and veiling under the shew of patriotism, or religious zeal, the meanest and most criminal motives. While he was tempted to imitate their productions, the dormant reputation of most of these authors seemed to invite him to a secret treasure of learning, wit, and ridicule. To the facility of these acquisitions, we probably owe much of the gaiety of Sterne. His imagination, untamed by labour, and unsated by a long acquaintance with literary folly, dwelt with enthusiasm on the grotesque pictures of manners and opinions, displayed in his favourite authors. It may even be suspected, that by this influence he was drawn aside from his natural bias to the pathetic; for in the serious parts

of his works, he seems to have depended on his own force, and to have found in his own mind whatever he wished to produce; but in the ludicrous, he is generally a copyist, and sometimes follows his original so closely, that he forgets the changes of manners, which give an appearance of extravagance to what was once correct ridicule.

It is more necessary to preserve a strict attention to manners, in works of this sort, because the ludicrous, by its nature, tends to exaggeration. The passion of laughter, the strongest effect of ludicrous impressions, seems to be produced by the intensity, or more properly, the excess of pleasurable ideas; *circum præcordia ludere*, is the proper character of this class of emotions. Thus, a certain degree of fulness improves the figure, but if it be encreased to excessive fatness, it becomes risible. So in the qualities of the mind, modesty is agreeable—extreme bashfulness is ridiculous: we are amused with vivacity, we laugh at levity. If we observe the conversation of a professed jester, it will appear that his

great secret consists in exaggeration. This is also the art of caricaturists: add but a trifling degree of length or breadth to the features of an agreeable face, and they become ludicrous. In like manner, unbolster *Falstaff*, and his wit will affect us less, the nearer he approaches to the size of a reasonable man.

I may add, that in idiots, and persons of weak understanding, laughter is a common expression of surprise or pleasure; and Young has observed,

That fools are ever on the laughing side,

All these remarks prove, that we do not reason with the accuracy which some authors suppose, concerning the turpitude, or incongruity of the ideas presented to us, before we give way to mirth. If their theory were just, a malicious critic might prove from their effects, the incongruity of their own discussions.

There is little difficulty in accounting for the number and excellence of the ludicrous writers, who appeared during the sixteenth century, and who not only resemble each other

in their manner, but employ similar turns of thought, and by often relating the same anecdotes, shew that they drew their materials from a common store.

The *Amadis*, and other similar romances, had amused the short intervals of repose, which the pursuits of love and arms afforded, previous to the reign of Francis 1. That prince, equally the patron of letters and of dissoluteness, formed a court, which required works more calculated to inflame the imagination: a libertine scholarship became the tone of polite conversation, which was too faithfully copied by the fashionable wits. Even Brantome thinks it necessary to treat his readers with quotations, though mangled so barbarously, that he seems to have caught them by his ear alone. Neither the offensive details of this author, nor the satirical touches of D'Aubigné, could persuade us of the extreme corruption of manners in those times, if a witness, whose veracity cannot be questioned, had not left his testimony of its enormity, in a work dedicated to Cardinal Mazarine, and destined

to the instruction of Louis XIV. "There never was (says Perefixe, in speaking of the court of Henry III) a court more vicious, or more corrupted. Impiety, atheism, magic, the most horrible impurities, the blackest treachery and perfidy, poisoning and assassination prevailed in it to the highest degree." *

Rabelais, who shewed the way to the rest, may be considered as forming the link between the writers of romance and those of simple merriment. Great part of his book is thrown into the form of a burlesque romance; but, from the want of models, or of taste, he found no other method of softening his narrative, than the introduction of buffoonery. Some of his successors preferred the form of conversations, characteristically supported; a fashion introduced under the countenance of Henry III. who, in the midst of his vices and his dangers, still felt the attractions of literature. He instituted a meeting, which was held twice a-week in his closet, where a question was debated by the most learned men whom he

* See note I.

could attach to the court, and by some ladies, who had cultivated letters. This was called the King's Academy, and admission to it was reckoned a particular mark of favour.* It is remarkable that this institution took place at the very time when, according to Perefice, the morals of the court were most depraved, and it may be suspected that the discussions were not always strictly philosophical.

From this Royal Academy, Bouchet seems to have taken the plan of his *Sereès*, and it is not improbable that the fashion extended itself among the courtiers. In the succeeding century, it seemed to be revived in the celebrated conversations at the *Hotel de Rambouillet*, in recording which, Scuderi has so completely succeeded in preserving

* Le Roi l'ayant fait de son Academie (1575), c'étoit une assemblée qu'il faisoit deux fois la Semaine en son cabinet, pour ouïr les plus doctes hommes qu'il pouvoit, et mesmes quelques dames qui avoient étudié sur un probleme toujours proposé par celui qui avoit le mieux fait à la dernière dispute.

D' Aubigné, Histoire Universelle.

the verbose politeness of the time, and in tiring the reader to death. Beroalde and D'Aubigné published their most distinguished satirical pieces, in the colloquial form: they cannot be termed dialogues, when we think of Lucian, and when we consider, that the diffidence of Erasmus prevented him from assuming that title for his charming Conversations.

The minds of men, just bursting from the severe oppression of theological and philosophical abuses, were peculiarly impressed with the ludicrous aspect which the objects of their former terror then presented. They had seen absurdity in its full vigour, and even in its tyranny; and they enjoyed the opportunities of derision, which the violence of parties afforded them.

Above all, the personal character of some of their princes, especially some females of the race of Valois, cherished this species of writing. Margaret Queen of Navarre, the accomplished sister of Francis I. was not only the patroness of literary men, but a writer of great merit. The original edition

of her novels is unfortunately lost, and the oldest which remains, was rendered into "*beau langage*," by some meddler, whose attempt proves his want of taste and feeling. But even through this kind of translation, we discern a mind of exquisite sensibility, highly ornamented both by reading and conversation.

Her poetical correspondence with Marot does great honour to her wit and elegance, while it shews her sincere respect for genius, unalloyed by the jealousy too common among authors of her pretensions.

Marot had concluded some verses, which he sent to a lady, as the forfeit of a wager, with a wish, that his creditors would accept the same kind of payment. Margaret replied in the following lines :

Si ceux à qui devez, comme vous dites,
Vous cognoyssoient comme je vous cognois,
Quitte seriez des debtes que vous fites,
Le temps passé, tant grandes que petites,
En leur payant un dizain, toutefois
Tel que le votre, qui vaut mieux mille fois,
Que l'argent deu par vous, en conscience :
Car estimer ou peut l'argent au poids,

Mais on ne peut (et j'en donne ma voix)
Assez priser vostre belle science.

If those, Marot, by whom you 're held in thrall,
Esteem'd, like me, your rich, excelling vein,
Full soon their harsh demands they would recal,
And quit you of your debts, both great & small,
One polish'd stanza thankful to obtain ;
For verse like your's I hold more precious gain
Than commerce knows, or avarice can devise :
Gold may be rated to its utmost grain,
But well I deem (nor think my judgment vain),
That none your noble art can over-prize.

If Marot is to be believed, in his answer,
he made good use of this elegant compliment :

Mes creanciers, qui de dizains n' ont cure,
Ont leu le vostre : et sur ce leur ay dit,
Sire Michel, Sire Bonaventure,
La sœur du roi à pour moi fait ce dit :
Lors eux cuidans que fusse en grand credit,
M' ont appellé Monsieur à cry et cor,
Et m' a valu vostre escrit autant qu' or :
Car promis ont, non seulement d' attendre,
Mais d' en prester, foi de marchand, encore :
Et j' ay promis, foi de Clement, d' en prendre.

My cits, who nor for ode nor stanza care,
 Have read your lines, & op'd their rugged hearts;
 I said, Sir Balaam, and Sir Plum, look there,
 Thus our king's sister values my good parts:
 They, deeming me advanc'd by courtly arts,
 Honour'd and worshipp'd me, with bows profound,
 And by your golden verses I abound;
 Like ready coin, my credit they restore;
 To lend again my worthy friends are bound,
 I pledg'd my honest word to borrow more.

A collection of the poems of this celebrated lady was published, under the title of *Les Marguerites de la Marguerite des Princesses*; the Pearls of the Pearl of Princesses; a conceit worthy of the compiler, who was her valet de chambre.

Margaret was suspected of an attachment to the reformed religion, in common with several of the wits whom she patronized, but her brother's affection sheltered her from persecution. Francis condemned the opinions of the reformed, as tending more to the destruction of monarchies, than to the edification of souls. Brantome adds, in his manner, that the great Sultan Soliman was of the

same opinion. * An excellent authority for the papal religion !

Even the death of this princess was connected with her love of knowledge ; she contracted a mortal disease, by exposing herself to the night-air, in observing a comet.†

Her virtues were not inherited by the first wife of Henry iv. who bore the same name and title ; but the second Margaret

* The whole passage is curious. " Le grand Sultan Soliman en disoit de mesme : laquelle (la reformée) combien qu'elle renversa plusieurs points de la religion Chrestienne et du Pape, il ne la pouvoit aymer ; d'autant, disoit-il, que les religieux d'icelle n'estoient que brouillons et séditi-eux, et ne se pouvoient tenir en repos, qu'ils ne remuassent tousjours. Voila pourquoi le roi François, sage prince s'il en fust oncques, en prevoiant les miseres qui en sont venues en plusieurs parts de la Chrestienté, les haïssoit, et fut un peu rigoureux à faire brusler vifs les heretiques de son temps. Si ne laissa-t-il pourtant à favoriser les princes protestants d'Allemagne contre l'Empereur. Ainsi ces grands rois se gouvernent comme il leur plaist.

Brantome, tom. ii. p. 281, 2.

† *Ib. tom. ii. p. 289.* /

seems to have possessed, with the spirit of gallantry, some degree of the love of letters, which distinguished her grandfather Francis I. It is sufficiently clear, from many scattered anecdotes in Brantome, and other writers of that time, that during the brilliant period of her youth, her manners were calculated to encourage the class of authors which I have been describing; but it must be owned, that she concluded like many other lively characters, by shewing as much fervour in devotion, as she had formerly displayed in libertinism.

Among those fascinating women, who united the attractions of taste and knowledge to those of elegance and beauty, it would be unjust to forget the unfortunate MARY STUART. Brantome, an eye-witness of the early part of her life, informs us that she was much attached to literature, and that she patronized Ronsard and Du Bellay. Her dirge on the death of Francis II. which Brantome has preserved, contains some touches of true feeling amidst its conceits.

The affair of CHASTELARD, of which the same writer gives us an account, shews her affability to men of genius; though it must be confessed, that she exhibited at last, a degree of prudery, perhaps too austere.

Chastelard was a young man of family and talents, who had embarked in the suite of Mary, when she returned from France, to take possession of a disgusting sovereignty. He paid his court to the queen by composing several pieces of poetry, during the voyage, and one among the rest, which I have been tempted to imitate from Brantome's sketch of it. " Et entre autres il en fit une d'elle sur un traduction en Italien; car il le parloit et l'entendoit bien, qui commence; *Che giova posseder citta e regni, &c.* Qui est un sonnet très-bien fait, dont la substance est telle; *De quoi sert posseder tant de royaumes, citez, villes, provinces; commander a tant de peuples; se faire respecter, craindre et admirer, et voir d'un chacun; et dormir vefue, seule, et froide comme glace ?*"

What boots it to possess a royal state,
To view fair subject-towns from princely tow'rs,
With mask and song to sport in frolic bow'rs,
Or watch with prudence o'er a nation's fate,
If the heart throb not to a tender mate;
If doom'd, when feasts are o'er, and midnight
lours,
Still to lie lonely in a widow'd bed,
And waste in chill regret the secret hours?
Happier the lowly maid, by fondness led
To meet the transports of some humble swain,
Than she, the object of her people's care,
Rever'd by all, who finds no heart to share,
And pines, too great for love, in splendid pain.

Mary sought relief from the tiresome uniformity of the voyage, in attending to the productions of the young Frenchman; she even deigned to reply to them, and amused herself frequently with his conversation. This dangerous familiarity overpowered the heart of poor Chastelard. He conceived a hopeless and unconquerable passion, and found himself, almost at the same moment, obliged to quit the presence of its object, and to return to his native country.

Soon afterwards, the civil wars began in

France; and Chastelard, who was a protestant, eagerly sought a pretence for revisiting Scotland, in his aversion to take arms against the royal party. Mary received him with goodness, but she soon repented her condescension. His passion no longer knew any bounds, and he was found one evening, by her women, concealed under her bed, just before she retired to rest. She consulted equally her dignity and her natural mildness, by pardoning this sally of youthful frenzy, and commanding the affair to be suppressed. But Chastelard was incorrigible: he repeated his offence, and the queen delivered him up to her courts of justice, by which he was sentenced to be beheaded.

His conduct, at the time of his death, was romantic in the extreme. He would accept no spiritual assistance, but read, with great devotion, Ronsard's Hymn on Death. He then turned towards the Queen's apartments, and exclaimed, *Farewell the fairest, and most cruel princess in the world; after*

which he submitted to the stroke of justice, with the courage of a *Rinaldo* or an *Olindo*.

The ancient heroines of romance were content with banishing a presumptuous lover from their presence. Perhaps the extravagance of Chastelard's feelings was such, that he might have considered exile from Scotland as the severest of punishments. Mary certainly exercised her dispensing power with more lenity, on some other occasions.

The establishment of a buffoon, or king's jester, which operated so forcibly on Sterne's imagination, as to make him adopt the name of *Yorick*, furnished an additional motive for the exertions of ludicrous writers, in that age. To jest was the ambition of the best company; and when the progress of civilization is duly weighed, between the period to which I have confined my observations, and the time of Charles II. of this country, it will appear that the value set upon *sheer wit*, as it was then called, was

hardly less inconsistent with strict judgment, than was the merriment of the cap and bells with the grave discussions of the furred doctors, or learned ladies of the old French court.

CHAPTER II.

Ludicrous writers, from whom Sterne probably took general ideas, or particular passages. Rabelais—Beroalde—D' Aubigné — Bouchet—Bruscambille—Scarron—Swift—Gabriel John.

Some of my readers may probably find themselves introduced, in this chapter, to some very strange acquaintances, and may experience a sensation like that which accompanies the first entrance into a gallery of ancient portraits; where the buff and old iron, the black skull-caps, wide ruffs and farthingales, however richly bedecked, conceal, for a while, the expression and the charms of the best features. With a little

patience, it will appear that wit, like beauty, can break through the most unpromising disguise.

From Rabelais, Sterne seems to have caught the design of writing a general satire on the abuse of speculative opinions. The dreams of Rabelais's commentators have indeed discovered a very different intention in his book, but we have his own authority for rejecting their surmises as groundless. In the dedication of part of his work to Cardinal Chastillon, he mentions the political allusions imputed to him, and disclaims them expressly. He declares, that he wrote for the recreation of persons languishing in sickness, or under the pressure of grief and anxiety, and that his joyous prescription had succeeded with many patients. *Que plusieurs gens, langoureux, malades, ou autrement fachez et desolez, avoient à la lecture d' icelles trompè leur ennui, temps joyeusement passé, et reçue allegresse et consolation nouvelle.* And he adds, *seulement avois egard et intention par escrit donner ce peu de soul-*

agement que pouvois es affligez et malades absens. The religious disputes, which then agitated Europe, were subjects of ridicule too tempting to be withstood, especially as Rabelais was protected by the Chastillon family; this, with his abuse of the monks, excited such a clamour against him, that Francis 1. felt a curiosity to hear his book read, and as our author informs us, found nothing improper in it.*

The birth and education of *Pantagruel* evidently gave rise to those of *Martinus Scriblerus*, and both were fresh in Sterne's memory, when he composed the first chapters of *Tristram Shandy*.

It must be acknowledged, that the application of the satire is more clear in Rabelais, than in his imitators. Rabelais attacked boldly the scholastic mode of education, in that part of his work; and shewed the superiority of a natural method of instruction, more accommodated to the feelings and ca-

* *Et n'avoit trouvé passage aucun suspect.*

pacities of the young. But Sterne, and the authors of *Scriblerus*, appear to ridicule the folly of some individual; for no public course of education has ever been proposed, similar to that which they exhibit.

Perhaps it was Sterne's purpose, to deride the methods of shortening the business of education, which several ingenious men have amused themselves by contriving. The *Lullian art*, which was once much celebrated, was burlesqued by Swift, in his *Project of a Literary Turning Machine*, in the *Voyage to Laputa*. Des Cartes has defined Lully's plan to be, *the art of prating copiously, and without judgment, concerning things of which we are ignorant* :* an art so generally practised in our times, that its author is no more thought of than the inventor of the compass. Lully's seems to have been similar to the fortune-telling schemes which we see on the ladies' fans, that enable any person to give

* *Ars Lullii, ad copiosè, et sine judicio de iis quæ nescimus garriendum.* Brucker. *Histor. Critic. Philos.* t. ii. p. 205.

an answer to any question, without understanding either one or the other. Erasmus touched briefly on this subject, in his *Ars Notoria*, where he has exposed, in a few words, the folly of desiring to gain knowledge, without an adequate exertion of the faculties. *Providence*, as he says finely, *has decreed, that those common acquisitions, money, gems, plate, noble mansions, and dominion, should be sometimes bestowed on the indolent and unworthy; but those things which constitute our true riches, and which are properly our own, must be procured by our own labour.** Those who seldom knew the want of power on other occasions, have felt it on this: DIONYSIUS and FREDERICK both experienced, that there is no royal road to the genuine honours of literature.

If Sterne had been sufficiently acquainted

i * Atque sic visum est superis. Opes istas vulgares, aurum, gemmas, argentum, palatia, regnum, nonnunquam largiuntur ignavis et immerentibus; sed quæ veræ sunt opes, ac propriæ nostræ sunt, voluerunt parari laboribus.

with the philosophical systems of his time, he might have converted the *Lullian art*, into an excellent burlesque of the Leibnitzian doctrine of *pre-established harmony*, then warmly discussed, and now completely forgotten. He seems to have avoided with care every controversial subject, which could involve him in difficulties. I observe in the sneer at *Water-landish knowledge*, among the criticisms of Yorick's sermons, a slight glance at a celebrated theological dispute : but, like his own monk, he had looked down at the prebendary's vest, and the hectic passed away in a moment. *

It would be tedious to point out every parallel passage, between Sterne, and an author whose book is in every one's hands. One of the conversations in *Tristram Shandy*, is borrowed completely from the Frenchman. S
^

* Dr. Brown's *Estimate* is referred to in another passage, so obscurely, that modern readers can hardly recognize it,

“ Now Ambrose Paræus convinced my father, that the true and efficient cause of what had engaged so much the attention of the world, and upon which Prignitz and Scroderus had wasted so much learning and fine parts—was neither this nor that—but that the length and goodness of the nose, was owing simply to the softness and flaccidity of the nurse’s breast—as the flatness and shortness of puisne noses was, to the firmness and elastic repulsion of the same organ of nutrition in the heal and lively—which, though happy for the woman, was the undoing of the child, inasmuch as his nose was so snubbed, so rebuffed, so rebated, and so refrigerated thereby, as never to arrive *ad mensuram suam legitimam*;—but that in case of the flaccidity and softness of the nurse or mother’s breast—by sinking into it, quoth Paræus, as into so much butter, the nose was comforted, nourished, &c.”*

“ —the causes of short and long noses.

* Tristram Shandy, vol. iii. chap. xxxviii.

There is no cause but one, replied my uncle Toby,—why one man's nose is longer than another's, but because that God pleases to have it so. That is Grangousier's solution, said my Father.—'Tis he, continued my uncle Toby, looking up, and not regarding my Father's interruption, who makes us all, and frames and puts us together, in such forms and proportions, and for such ends, as is agreeable to his infinite wisdom."*

“ Pourquoy, dit Gargantua, est ce que frere Jean á si beau nez? Par ce (repondit Grangousier) qu'ainsi Dieu l'á voulu, lequel nous fait en telle forme, & telle fin, selon son divin arbitre, que fait un potier ses vaisseaux. Par ce (dit Ponocrates) qu'il fut des premiers á la foire des nez. Il print de plus beaux & des plus grands. Trut avant (dit le moine) selon la vraye Philosophie Monastique, c'est, par ce que ma Nourrice avoit les tetins molets, en l'allait-

* Tristram Shandy, vol. iii. chap. xli.

tant, mon nez y enfrondroit comme en beurre, et la s'eslevoit et croissoit comme la paste dedans la mets. Les durs tetins des Nourrices font les enfans camus. Mais gay, gay, ad formam nasi cognoscitur ad te levavi."*

Sterne even condescended to adopt some of those lively extravagancies, which (as Rabelais declares that he wrote "en mangeant & buvant") would tempt us to believe that the Gallic wit, like Dr. King, sometimes "Drank till he could not speak, and then he writ."

—— "Bon jour! good morrow!—so you have got your cloak on betimes! but 't is a cold morning, and you judge the matter rightly—'t is better to be well mounted than go o' foot—and obstructions in the glands are dangerous—And how goes it with thy concubine—thy wife—and thy little ones o' both sides? and when did you hear from the old gentleman and lady, &c.†

* Liv. 1. chap. xli.

† Tristram Shandy, vol. viii. chap. iii.

“Gens de bien,” says Rabelais, “Dieu vous sauve et gard. Ou estes vous? je ne peux vous voir. Attendez que je chausse mes lunettes. Ha, ha, bien & beau s’en va Quaresme, je vous voy. Et doncques? Vous avez eu bonne vinee, á ce que l’on m’á dit. —Vous, vos femmes, enfans, parens et familles estes en santè desiree. Cela va bien, cela est bon, cela me plaist—” &c.

BEROALDE, Sieur de VERVILLE, a canon of the cathedral of Tours, considered his reputation as a wit, more than as a clergyman, in his *Moyen de Parvenir*, published in 1599; a book disgusting by its grossness, but extremely curious, from the striking pictures which it offers, of the manners and knowledge of the age. From him, I suspect, Sterne took Mr. Shandy’s reparation to Obadiah.

“My father had a little favourite mare, which he had consigned over to a most beautiful Arabian horse, in order to have a pad out of her for his own riding: he was

sanguine in all his projects; so talked about his pad every day with as absolute a security, as if it had been reared, broke, bridled and saddled at his door ready for mounting. By some neglect or other in Obadiah, it so fell out, that my father's expectations were answered with nothing better than a mule, and as ugly a beast of the kind as ever was produced.

“ My mother and my uncle Toby expected my father would be the death of Obadiah, and that there never would be an end of the disaster.—See here! you rascal, cried my father, pointing to the mule, what you have done.—It was not I, said Obadiah—How do I know that? replied my father.”*

Un petit garçon de Paris appella un autre, fils de Putain, qui s'en prit à pleurer, et le vint dire à sa mere, qui lui dit : que ne lui as-tu dit qu'il avoit menti? Et que savois-je, dit il.†

* Tristram Shandy, vol. v. chap. iii.

† Moyen de Parvenir, tom. i. p. 69.

The *Moyen de Parvenir* has all the abruptness, and quickness of transition, which Sterne was so fond of assuming. There is also some *galimatias*, though not so much as in Rabelais. I own it is possible, that Sterne may have found this turn in some other book, for Beroalde has furnished subjects of pillage to a great number of authors. He mentions a curious badge of party, which I think Sterne would have noticed, if he had been acquainted with the book. “ Je me souviens qu’ aux seconds troubles nous etions en garnison à la *Charité*. Etant en garde s’il passoit un homme avec une braguette, nous l’appellions *Papiste*, et la lui coupions; c’etoit mal fait, d’autant que sous tel signe y à de *grand* [^] _^ *mysteres* quelquefois cachés.—Je m’en repentis, et m’en allai à *Cosne*, ou nous nous fimes soldats derechef, et nous mîmes *es* bandes catholiques. Il nous avint *une* autre cause de remords de conscience; c’*est* que voyant ces èbraguetés, les disions *Hu- guenots*.”*

* *Moyen de Parvenir*, tom. i. p. 59.

The detection of imitations is certainly, in many cases, decided by taste, more than by reasoning; the investigation is slow, but the conviction is rapid.

The skilful miner thus each cranny tries,
Where wrapt in dusky rocks the crystal lies,
Slow on the varying surface tracks his spoil,
Oft' leaves, and oft' renews his patient toil;
Till to his watchful eye the secret line
Betrays the rich recesses of the mine;
Then the rude portals to his stroke give way;
Th' imprison'd glories glitter on the day.

It is sufficiently evident, from the works of Sterne's *Eugenius*,* that he, at least, was deeply read in Beroalde, who wanted nothing but decency to render him an universal favourite.

Theodore Agrippa D'Aubigné is well known by his historical works, in which, valuable and interesting as they are, he has not always been able to conceal his satirical disposition. In his *Baron de Fœnesté*, with all

* John Hall Stevenson, Esq., of Skelton Castle.

the extravagance of the Gascon, we are so constantly recalled to right and severe reason by the other characters, that it almost produces the full effect of genuine history on our minds. We discover, in every page, the caustic moralist, the uncorrupted and indignant courtier, unable to conceal the foibles of a monarch, whom he loved and served but too faithfully, and impatient of those who acquired the favour of Henry, by shewing more indulgence to his weaknesses. This book may be considered, in some measure, as a supplement to his general history, for it contains much secret anecdote, as well as the most curious particulars respecting manners.

Perhaps the story of *Pautrot*, and the lady *de Noaillé*, in this book, suggested to Sterne the scene with the Piedmontese lady, in his *Sentimental Journey*.

There is stronger reason to believe that Sterne took the hint of beginning some of his sermons, in a startling and unusual manner, from this source. D'Aubigné, who seems to have been a man of deep religious

impressions, has exposed, with equal keenness, the extravagancies of the monks, and of the ministers. He mentions one of the latter, who began a sermon thus: *Par la vertu de Dieu, par la mort de Dieu, par la chair de Dieu, par le sang de Dieu*; and added after a long pause, *nous sommes sauvez et delivrez de l'enfer*. Several instances in the same taste, but not so well authenticated, may be found in the *Passe Temps agreable*.

I must here vindicate Sterne from a charge of plagiarism, which has been made from inattention to dates. It has been said, that he borrowed much from the history of Friar Gerund; and many parallel passages have been cited (as they well might) to prove the assertion. The truth is, that the history of Friar Gerund, composed by Father Isla, to ridicule the absurdities of the itinerant Spanish preachers, was published in Spain, the very same year in which the two first volumes of *Tristram Shandy* appeared. It was translated into English, several years afterwards, by Baretti, who

thought proper to imitate, in his translation, the style of Tristram Shandy, then extremely popular. If any plagiarisms exist, therefore, they are chargeable on Baretti.

The original of Friar Gerund appeared in 1758; the translation in 1772.

As a specimen of D'Aubigné's style, which unites the severe and the ludicrous, I shall quote the following strokes on a controversial point.

"Your devotions," says the Baron, speaking of the reformed, "are invisible, and your church is invisible."—"Why do you not finish," retorts his opponent, "by reproaching us, like savages, that our God is invisible?"—"But we would have every thing visible," cries the Baron. *C'est pourquoi,* replies the other, *entre les reliques de S. Front on trouva dans une petite phiole un esternement du S. Esprit.*

D'Aubigné was so fond of writing epigrams, that he could not abstain from them, even in his history. He had no great genius for poetry, but his epigrams are general-

ly acute, though better turned in the thought than the expression.

One of them, which is introduced in the Baron de Fœnesté, is written for a man of distinction, whose wife finding his mistress very ill drest, thought fit to clothe her anew. *Lors*, says the Baron in his jargon, *lou monsieur boiant cette vraberie, en dit ce petit mout*,

Oui, ma femme, il est tout certain
Que c'est vaincre la jalousie,
Et un trait de grand courtoisie
D'avoir revestu ma putin.
Si je veux, comme la merveille
Et l'excellence des maris,
Rendre à vos ribaux la pareille,
Cela ne se peut qu'à Paris.

I own, my life, beyond all doubt,
Your merit great, your conduct sage,
Since spurning jealous qualms and rage,
You 've deck'd my girl so smartly out.
If I, attentive to your wants,
Our mutual confidence to crown,
Should do as much for your gallants,
'T would empty half the shops in town,

This, and many other passages in the writers of those times, shew that the dissolute conduct of the gay circles in France is not of modern date. The turn of the lines I have just quoted, is in the taste of Voltaire or Bernis. In fact, the great corruption of manners took place in the time of Francis I. who sacrificed to the ostentation, and the future elegance of the court, every principle leading to true happiness.

Another epigram of D'Aubigné's was founded on a repartee of Henry IV. in his youth.

Sylvia her gambling nephew chides,
With many a sharp and pithy sentence;
The graceless youth her care derides,
Yet seems to promise her repentance :
" When you, dear aunt, relinquish man,
Expect me to abandon gaming."
The prudent matron shakes her fan ;
" Go, rogue, I find you 're past reclaiming."

The same thought has been turned by some of the modern French epigrammatists.
The question respecting the sincerity of

Henry's conversion seems pretty clearly decided in the Baron de Fœnesté, in the chapter on Nuns, book iv. chapter xii.

Sterne has generally concealed the sources of his curious trains of investigation, and uncommon opinions, but in one instance he ventured to break through his restraint, by mentioning *Bouchet's Evening Conferences*, among the treasures of Mr. Shandy's library. This book is now become so extremely scarce, that for a long period, it has escaped all my enquiries, and the most persevering exertions of my friends. Some of the most curious collectors of books, among whom I need only mention the late excellent Dr. Farmer, informed me that they had never seen it. I owe to the indefatigable kindness of Thomas Thompson, Esq. M. P. the satisfaction of perusing an odd volume of this work. I have great reason to believe that it was in the SKELTON library some years ago, where I suspect Sterne found most of the authors of this

class; for Mr. Hall's poetry shews that he knew and read them much.

The *Screes* of Bouchet consist of a set of regular conversations, held, as the title implies, in the evening, generally during supper, and may be regarded as transcripts of the *petits soupers* of that age. A subject of discussion is proposed each evening, generally by the host, and it is treated characteristically, with a mixture of great knowledge and light humour. Every conversation concludes with a jest. The chief characters, supported through the whole volume which I have seen, are, a man of learning, such as the times afforded; a soldier, very fond of talking over his past dangers; a physician, who is sometimes found deficient in his philosophy; and a droll, who winds up all with his raillery. The conversations are not, indeed, connected by any narrative, but I entertain little doubt, that from the perusal of this work, Sterne conceived the first precise idea of his *Tristram*, as far as any thing can be called precise, in

a desultory book, apparently written with great rapidity. The most ludicrous and extravagant parts of the book seem to have dwelt upon Sterne's mind, and he appears to have frequently recurred to them from memory. In the twenty-ninth *Sermon*, for example, there is a long and very able discussion of the causes of colour in negroes; and Bouchet has anticipated most of the objections which are made to the supposition, that the darkness of their complexion is produced by the heat of the climate. In the course of the *Sermon*, it is asked, why negroes are flat-nosed, and this question brings into play the subject of noses, so often introduced in *Tristram Shandy*.

I extract the following passages as specimens of Bouchet's manner: the reader may not be displeased to acquire some idea of a book so uncommon,

Je me trouvoy un jour à la table d'un grand Seigneur, ou nous étions bien empêchez à rendre la raison, pourquoy en Espagne on faisoit les pains plus grands qu' en France ou

Italie. Les uns disoient que c'estoit à cause que le grand pain se tient plus frais que le petit, et qu'il ne se desseiche pas si tost, estant l'Espagne fort chaude. Les autres soustenoient que les Espagnols avoient leurs fours plus grands que les autres peuples, parce qu'ils disent que le pain est meilleur cuit en un grand four qu'en un petit, le pain cuit en un petit four ne cuisant pas esgallement, comme en un grand, et les fours d'Espagne estant grande, ce n'est pas de merveilles s'ils font les pains grands, et aussi qu'à l'enfermer on fait les pains cornus. Le tiers disoit, que tant plus le pain estoit grand, tant plus on le trouvoit savoureux et meilleur, ayant plus de vertu & faculté assemblée, comme le vin est plus fort & meilleur en une pippe qu'en un bussard. Que le grand pain, adjoustoit-il, soit meilleur que le petit, cela se peut prouver de ce qu'il y avoit des festes, qui se nommoient Megalartia, à cause de la grandeur des pains, dont le pain estoit estimé sur tous les autres, & aussi bon que celui de la ville d'Eresus, si nous croyons au poëte Arcestrate, pour lequel

*pain Mercure prenoit bien la peine de descendre du ciel, et en venir faire provision pour les dieux. Et aussi quand le pain est petit, il se brusle par la crouste, & demeure mal cuit au dedans, par l'obstacle de la crouste havie : et si la paste croist et leve mieux quand il y en à beaucoup, que quand il n'y en à gueres, comme on dit que la paste se leve mieux durant la pleine Lune qu'en un autre temps. Lors un lourdaud qui servoit, à la table, nous voyant en si grand debat, se va mocquer de nous, de ce qu'estions empeschez en si peu de chose, & nous va dire, que les Espagnols faisoient leurs pains plus grands qu'ailleurs, parce qu'ils y mettoient plus de paste.**

Another of his speakers tells the following story.

Ce maitre qui estoit de nos Sereès, nous conta qu'un jour il demanda à un sien mestayer comme il se portoit depuis deux ou trois jours que sa femme estoit morte, lequel lui re-

* Sereès, tom. iii. p. 204. This edition was published at Paris, 1608.

*spondit, Quand je revins de l'enterrement de ma femme, m'essuyant les yeux, et travaillant à plorer, chacun me disoit, compere, ne te soucie, je sçay bien ton fait, je te donneray bien une autre femme. Helas ! me disoit-il, on ne me disoit point ainsi, quand j'eu perdu l'une de mes vaches.**

How far Sterne was obliged to Bouchet for particular passages, I am unable to decide, having never seen the greater part of the *Sereès*.

There was more reason to have represented the acquisition of this book as matter of triumph, than the purchase of *Bruscambille*.

Mr. Shandy has the good fortune, we are told, to get *Bruscambille's Prologue on Noses* almost for nothing—that is, for three half-crowns. “There are not three *Bruscambilles* in Christendom—said the stall-man, except what are chained up in the libraries of the curious. My father flung down the money as quick as lightning—took Brus-

* *Sereès*, p. 216.

cambille into his bosom—hyed home from Piccadilly to Coleman-street with it, as he would have hyed home with a treasure, without taking his hand once off from Brus-cambille all the way.”* This is excellently calculated to excite the appetite of literary epicures, but the book in question is not sufficiently entertaining to gratify much expectation. It consists of occasional prologues, in prose, a species of amusement much in vogue during the reign of Louis XIII. TABARIN, who seems to have been contemporary with BRUSCAMBILLE, but more a merry-andrew than a comedian, published his dialogues with his master, and his prologues, about the same time.† They both stole largely from the *Moyen de Parvenir*, as the editor of that book has observed.

* Tristram Shandy, vol. iii. chap. xxxv.

† Tabarin is mentioned in the Description of the Winter in Paris, by *Boisrobert*, an officer of Cardinal Richlieu.

Tout divertissement nous manque:
Tabarin ne va plus en banque.

The original copy of the *Penseés Faceticuses de Bruscombille* was published in 1623, mine was printed at Cologne, in 1741.

There is little merit in this mass of buffoonery; the only originality consists in its galimatias; however, as the book is not easily to be procured, I shall insert the Prologue on Noses among the notes, that no future collector may sigh for Bruscombille.*

The false taste of *Scarron's* humour has occasioned a general neglect of his works; it was by mere accident that I discovered the origin of a very interesting scene in the *Sentimental Journey*, in taking up the *Roman Comique*. It is the chapter of the DWARF, which every reader of Sterne must immediately recollect, but I shall transcribe that part which is directly taken from *Scarron*.

“A poor defenceless being of this order [a dwarf], had got thrust somehow or other into this luckless place [the parterre]—the night was hot, and he was surrounded by

* See note V.

beings two feet and a half higher than himself. The dwarf suffered inexpressibly on all sides; but the thing which incommoded him most, was a tall corpulent German, near seven feet high, who stood between him and all possibility of his seeing either the stage or the actors. The poor dwarf did all he could to get a peep at what was going forwards, by seeking for some little opening betwixt the German's arm and his body, trying first one side and then the other; but the German stood square in the most unaccommodating posture that can be imagined—the dwarf might as well have been placed at the bottom of the deepest draw-well in Paris; so he civilly reached up his hand to the German's sleeve, and told him his distress.—The German turned his head back, looked down upon him, as Goliath did upon David—and unfeelingly resumed his posture."

Such was the distress of Scarron's disastrous hero, *Ragotin*. "Il vint tard á la comedie, & pour la punition de ses pechez,

il se plaça derrière un gentilhomme à large eschine, et couvert d'une grosse casaque qui grossissoit beaucoup sa figure. Il étoit d'une taille si haute au dessus des plus grandes, qu'encore qu'il fut assis, Ragotin qui n'étoit séparé de lui que d'un rang de sièges, crut qu'il étoit debout, et lui cria incessamment qu'il assit comme les autres, ne pouvant croire qu'un homme assis ne dust pas avoir sa tête au niveau de toutes celles de la compagnie. Ce gentilhomme qui se nommoit la Baguenodière, ignora longtemps que Ragotin parlat à lui. Enfin Ragotin l'appella Mr. à la plume verte, et comme véritablement il en avoit une bien touffue, bien sale, et peu fine, il tourna la tête, et vit le petit impatient qui lui dit assez rudement qu'il s'assit. La Baguenodière en fut si peu ému, qu'il se retourna vers le théâtre, comme si de rien n'eût été. Ragotin lui recria encore qu'il s'assit. Il tourna encore la tête devers lui ; le regarda, et se retourna vers le théâtre. Ragotin recria, Baguenodière tourna la tête pour la

troisième fois; regarda son homme, et pour la troisième fois se retourna vers le theatre. Tant que dura la comédie, Ragotin lui cria de même force qu'il assit, et la Baguenodière le regarda toujours d'un même flegme, capable de faire enrager tout le genre humain."*

For the mean and disgusting turn which this story receives in the *Roman Comique*, Sterne has substituted a rich and beautiful chain of incidents which takes the strongest hold on our feelings. He has in no instance of his imitations shewed a truer taste: the character of Scarron's manner, indeed, is that it always disappoints expectation.

That Sterne frequently had in view the *Tale of a Tub*, in composing *Tristram Shandy*, cannot be doubted: Swift's Dissertation on *Ears* probably contributed towards Sterne's digressions on *Noses*, which shall be considered hereafter. I do not know that it has been observed, that in this pleasant and acute

* *Roman Comique*, tom. ii. chap. xvii.

satire, Swift has formed his manner very much upon that of JOHN EACHARD. The style of Swift is much superior in correctness of taste, but the turn of pleasantry is very similar, and has little in common with other writers. Eachard was a writer of great celebrity in Swift's early days, when he composed his *Tale of a Tub*, a work produced in the vigour of his fancy, and the first heat of his literary attainments.

I shall not presume to determine whether Sterne made any use of a whimsical book, apparently published about the year 1748, (for it has no date) under the title of, *An Essay towards the Theory of the Intelligible World, by Gabriel John*. It is a pretty close copy of the *Tale of a Tub* in manner; some appearances of imitation may, therefore, be supposed to result from the common reference of both writers to Swift. If Sterne can be supposed to have taken any thing from this book, it must be the hint of his marbled pages. The author of Gabriel John has covered almost the whole of his 163d page

with dashes, thus — — — — and he observes in a corner; *The author very well understands, that a good sizeable hiatus discovers a very great genius, there being no wit in the world more ideal, and consequently more refined, than what is displayed in those elaborate pages, that have ne'er a syllable written on them.* The only subject of doubt respecting the charge of imitation in this case is, that Sterne may be allowed to have possessed sufficient genius to extend one of Swift's *hiatus* over a whole leaf, without the aid of our anonymous writer,

The essay in question was professedly composed to satirize Norris's Theory of the Ideal World; but Hobbes (whose reveries still retained the much injured name of philosophy), Bentley, and Wotton, the objects of Swift's satire, were made equal victims of our author's ridicule. The book contains several poems which have no apparent connection with the general design, excepting some parodies of Dr. Bentley's peculiar system of emendation. It must be

owned, that the author had warned the reader, with uncommon candour, in the title-page, that he should introduce *other strange things, not insufferably clever, nor furiously to the purpose*; the worst that can be said of him therefore, is, that he has kept his word.

“Why,” says our poet, “may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole?” These masters of ridicule may be tracked to a state of similar degradation, through the works of estimable writers, to miserable farces, and at length to the jest-books, where the dregs of different authors are so effectually intermingled, that the brightest wit is confounded with the vilest absurdity.

CHAPTER III.

*Other writers imitated by Sterne—Burton
— Bacon — Blaunt — Montaigne — Bishop
Hall.*

Sterne was no friend to gravity, for which he had very good reasons; it was a quality which excited his disgust, even in authors who lived in times that exacted an appearance of it. Like the manager in the Farce,* he sometimes “took the best part of their tragedy to put it into his own comedy.” Previous to the Reformation, great latitude in manners was assumed by the clergy. Bandello, who published three

* The Critic.

volumes of tales, in which he often laid aside decorum, was a bishop; and perhaps some of Sterne's friends expected him to become one also, without considering the severity of conduct required in protestant prelates. His friend Hall has run the parallel to my hands,

Why may 'nt BANDELLO have a rap?
 Why may 'nt I imitate BANDELLO?
 There never was a prelate's cap
 Bestow'd upon a droller fellow.
 Like TRISTRAM in mirth delighting;
 Like TRISTRAM a pleasant writer;
 Like his, I hope that TRISTRAM's writing
 Will be rewarded with a mitre.*

Sterne has contrived to give a ludicrous turn to those passages which he took from BURTON's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, a book, once the favourite of the learned and the witty, and a source of surreptitious learning to many others besides our author.† I had

* Zachary's Tale.

† See note II.

often wondered at the pains bestowed by Sterne in ridiculing opinions not fashionable in his time, and had thought it singular, that he should produce the portrait of his sophist, Mr. Shandy, with all the stains and mouldiness of the last century about him. I am now convinced that most of the singularities of that character were drawn from the perusal of Burton.

The strange title of Tristram Shandy, and the assumption of the name of Yorick, were probably suggested by a passage in Burton's preface, where he apologizes for styling himself *Democritus junior*, and for his title-page.

"If the title and inscription offend your gravity, were it a sufficient justification to accuse others, I could produce many sober treatises, *even sermons themselves*, which in their fronts carry more fantastical names. Howsoever it is a kind of policy in these days, to prefix a fantastical title to a book which is to be sold: for as larks come down to a day-net, many vain readers will tarry and stand gazing, like silly passengers, at an

antic picture in a painter's shop, that will not look at a judicious piece." The hint respecting sermons was not lost upon Sterne.

The *Anatomy of Melancholy*, though written on a regular plan, consists chiefly of quotations: the author has honestly termed it a *cento*. He collects, under every division, the opinions of a multitude of writers, without regard to chronological order, and has too often the modesty to decline the interposition of his own sentiments. Indeed the bulk of his materials generally overwhelms him. In the course of his folio, he has contrived to treat a great variety of topics, that seem very loosely connected with the general subject, and, like Bayle, when he starts a favourite train of quotations, he does not scruple to let the digression outrun the principal question. Thus from the doctrines of religion to military discipline, from inland navigation to the morality of dancing-schools, every thing is discussed and determined.

In his introductory address to the reader,

where he indulges himself in an Utopian sketch of a perfect government (with due homage previously paid to the character of James I.), we find the origin of Mr. Shandy's notions on this subject. The passages are too long to be transcribed.

The quaintness of many of his divisions seems to have given Sterne the hint of his ludicrous titles to several chapters; and the risible effect of Burton's grave endeavours to prove indisputable facts by weighty quotations, he has happily caught, and sometimes well burlesqued. The archness which Burton displays occasionally, and his indulgence of playful digressions from the most serious discussions, often give his style an air of familiar conversation, notwithstanding the laborious collections which supply his text. He was capable of writing excellent poetry, but he seems to have cultivated this talent too little. The English verses prefixed to his book, which possess beautiful imagery, and great sweetness of versification, have been frequently published. His Latin

elegiac verses addressed to his book shew a very agreeable turn for raillery.

When the force of the subject opens his own vein of prose, we discover valuable sense and brilliant expression. Such is his account of the first feelings of melancholy persons, written, probably, from his own experience. "Most pleasant it is, at first, to such as are melancholy given, to lie in bed whole days, and keep their chambers; to walk alone in some solitary grove, betwixt wood and water, by a brook side, to meditate upon some delightful and pleasant subject, which shall affect them most; *amabilis insania*, and *mentis gratissimus error*: a most incomparable delight it is so to melancholize and build castles in the air, to go smiling to themselves, acting an infinite variety of parts, which they suppose, and strongly imagine they represent, or that they see acted or done.**** So delightful these toys are at first, they could spend whole days and nights without sleep, even whole years alone in such contemplations and fan-

tastical meditations, which are like unto dreams, and they will hardly be drawn from them, or willingly interrupted; so pleasant their vain conceits are, that they hinder their ordinary tasks and necessary business, they cannot address themselves to them, or almost to any study or employment. These fantastical and bewitching thoughts so covertly, so feelingly, so urgently, so continually set upon, creep in, insinuate, possess, overcome, distract, and detain them; they cannot, I say, go about their more necessary business, stave off or extricate themselves, but are ever musing, melancholizing, and carried along, as he (they say) that is led round about a heath with a *Puck* in the night, they run earnestly on in this labyrinth of anxious and solicitous melancholy meditations, and cannot well or willingly refrain, or easily leave off, winding and unwinding themselves, as so many clocks, and still pleasing their humours, until at last the scene is turned upon a sudden, by some bad object, and they being now habituated to such

vain meditations and solitary places, can endure no company, can ruminate of nothing but harsh and distasteful subjects. Fear, sorrow, suspicion, *subrusticus pudor*, discontent, cares, and weariness of life surprise them in a moment, and they can think of nothing else, continually suspecting. No sooner are their eyes open, but this infernal plague or melancholy seizeth on them, and terrifies their souls, representing some dismal object to their minds, which now by no means, no labour, no persuasions they can avoid: *hæret lateri lethalis arundo*.* This passage should be carefully read by young persons of fine taste and delicate sentiments, for it contains a just account of the first inroads of melancholy on susceptible imaginations. Nothing is more seductive, or more hazardous to minds of this cast, than that kind of mental luxury, which is gene-

* Anatomy of Melancholy, p. 52, 53. My copy is the eighth edition, 1676. The first edition was published in 1617.

rally called *castle-building*. It appears a happy privilege to possess the direction of an ideal world, into which we can withdraw at pleasure, when disgusted with the gross material scene before us. But in this fairy-land lurk terrible phantoms, ready to seize the incautious wanderer, in moments of dejection and weakness, and to deprive him for ever of ease and liberty.

Burton has introduced a great part of these ideas into his poetical abstract of melancholy.

When I go musing all alone,
Thinking of divers things fore-known,
When I build castles in the air,
Void of sorrow, void of fear,
Pleasing myself with phantoms sweet,
Methinks the time runs very fleet.
All my joys to this are folly,
Nought so sweet as melancholy.

When I go walking all alone,
Recounting what I have ill done,
My thoughts on me then tyrannize,
Fear and sorrow me surprise ;

Whether I tarry still or go,
Methinks the time runs very slow:
All my griefs to this are jolly,
Nought so sad as melancholy.

When to myself I act and smile,
With pleasing thoughts the time beguile,
By a brook-side, or wood so green,
Unheard, unsought for, and unseen,
A thousand pleasures do me bless,
And crown my soul with happiness.
All my joys beside are folly,
None so sweet as melancholy, &c.*

The first four chapters of *Tristram Shandy*, are founded on some passages in *Burton*, which I shall transcribe. *Sterne's* improvements I shall leave to the reader's recollection.

* The resemblance between these verses, and *Milton's Allegro and Penseroso*, has been noticed by *Mr. Warton*. One line in the former,

The Cynosure of neighbouring eyes,

was probably suggested by the following passage in *Burton*; "She is his Cynosure, Hesperus, and Vesper, his morning and evening star." p. 316.

“ Filii ex senibus nati raro sunt firmi temperamenti, &c. Nam spiritus cerebri si tum malé afficiantur, tales procreant, & quales fuerint affectus; tales filiorum, ex tristibus tristes, ex jucundis jucundi nascuntur. [Cardan.] “ If she (the mother) be over-dull, heavy, angry, peevish, discontented, and melancholy, not only at the time of conception, but even all the while she carries the child in her womb (saith Fernelius) her son will be so likewise, and worse, as Lemnius adds, &c. - - - - So many ways are we plagued and punished for our father's defaults;* insomuch that as Fernelius truly saith, it is the greatest part of our felicity to be well-born, and it were happy for human kind,† if only such parents as are sound of body and mind should be suffered to marry. Quanto id diligentius in procreandis liberis observandum.”‡ I can-

* This idea runs through *Tristram Shandy*.

† See *Tristram Shandy*, vol. viii. chap. 33.

‡ *Anat. of Melanch*, p. 37. edit. 1676.

Quanto id diligentius in liberis procreandis ca-

not help thinking, that the first chapter or two of the *Memoirs of Scriblerus* whetted Sterne's invention, in this, as well as in other instances of Mr. Shandy's peculiarities.

The forced introduction of the sneer at the term *non-naturals*,* used in medicine, leads us back to Burton, who has insisted largely and repeatedly, on the abuse of the functions so denominated.

It is very singular, that in the introduction to the *Fragment on Whiskers*, which contains an evident copy, Sterne should take occasion to abuse plagiarists. "Shall we for ever make new books, as apothecaries make new mixtures, by pouring only out of one vessel into another? Are we for ever to be twisting and untwisting the same rope?

vendum, sayeth Cardan. *Tris. Shandy*, vol. vi. ch. 33.

* *Tris. Shandy*, vol. i. chap. 23.—"Why the most natural actions of a man's life should be called his *non-naturals*, is another question." See Burton, p. 39. The solution might be easily given, if it were worth repeating.

for ever in the same track—for ever at the same pace?” And it is more singular that all this declamation should be taken, word for word, from Burton’s introduction.

*“As apothecaries, we make new mixtures every day, pour out of one vessel into another; and as those old Romans robbed all the cities of the world, to set out their bad-sited Rome, we skim off the cream of other men’s wits, pick the choice flowers of their tilled gardens, to set out our own sterile plots.”** Again, *“We weave the same web still, twist the same rope again and again.”†*

“Who made MAN, with powers which dart him from earth to heaven in a moment—that great, that most excellent, and most noble creature of the world—the miracle of nature, as Zoroaster in his book *περὶ φύσεως* called him—the SHEKINAH of the Divine Presence, as Chrysostom—the image of God, as Moses—the ray of Divinity, as

* Burton, p. 4.

† Ib. p. 5.

Plato—the marvel of marvels, as Aristotle—to go sneaking on at this pitiful, pimping, pettyfogging rate?” *

Who would suspect this heroic strain to be a plagiarism? yet such it is undoubtedly; and from the very first paragraph of the *Anatomy of Melancholy*. †

*Man, says Burton, the most excellent and noble creature of the world, the principal and mighty work of God, wonder of nature, as Zoroastes calls him; audacis naturæ miraculum; the marvel of marvels, as Plato; the abridgment and epitome of the world, as Pliny; microcosmus, a little world, a model of the world, sovereign lord of the earth, viceroy of the world, sole commander and governor of all the creatures in it ***** created of God's own image, to that immortal and incorporeal substance, with all the faculties and powers belonging to it, was at first pure, divine, perfect, happy, &c.*

* Tristram Shandy, vol. v. chap. i.

† Page 1.

“ One denier, cried the order of mercy—
one single denier, in behalf of a thousand,
patient captives, whose eyes look towards
heaven and you for their redemption.

“ — The Lady Baussiere rode on.

“ Pity the unhappy, said a devout, venerable, hoary-headed man, meekly holding up a box, begirt with iron, in his withered hands—I beg for the unfortunate—good, my lady, 't is for a prison—for an hospital—'t is for an old man—a poor man undone by shipwreck, by suretyship, by fire — I call God and all his angels to witness—'t is to clothe the naked — to feed the hungry — 't is to comfort the sick and the broken-hearted.

“ — The Lady Baussiere rode on.

“ A decayed kinsman bowed himself to the ground.

“ — The Lady Baussiere rode on.

“ He ran begging bare-headed on one side of her palfrey, conjuring her by the former bonds of friendship, alliance, consanguinity, &c.—cousin, aunt, sister, mo-

ther—for virtue's sake, for your own, for mine, for Christ's sake, remember me—pity me.

“ — The Lady Baussiere rode on.”*

The citation of the original passage from Burton will confirm all I have said of his style.

“ *A poor decayed kinsman of his sets upon him by the way in all his jollity, and runs begging bare-headed by him, conjuring him by those former bonds of friendship, alliance, consanguinity, &c. uncle, cousin, brother, father, — shew some pity for Christ's sake, pity a sick man, an old man, &c. he cares not, ride on: pretend sickness, inevitable loss of limbs, plead suretyship, or shipwreck, fires, common calamities, shew thy wants and imperfections, — swear, protest, take God and all his angels to witness, quære peregrinum, thou art a counterfeit crank, a cheater, he is not touched with it, pauper ubique jacet, ride on, he takes no notice of it. Put up a supplication to him in*

* Tristram Shandy, vol. v. chap. i.

*the name of a thousand orphans, an hospital, a spittle, a prison as he goes by, they cry out to him for aid: ride on——Shew him a decayed haven, a bridge, a school, a fortification, &c. or some public work; ride on. Good your worship, your honour, for God's sake, your country's sake: ride on.”**

This curious copy is followed up in *Tristram Shandy*, by a chapter, and that a long one, written almost entirely from *Burton*. It is the consolation of Mr. Shandy, on the death of brother Bobby.

“When *Agrippina* was told of her son's death, *Tacitus* informs us, that, not being able to moderate the violence of her passions, she abruptly broke off her work.” This quotation did not come to *Sterne* from *Tacitus*.

“*Mezentius would not live after his son——And Pompey's wife cried out at the news of her husband's death, Turpe mori post te, &c. —as Tacitus of Agrippina, not able to moderate her passions. So when she heard*

† *Anat. of Melanch.* p. 269.

*her son was slain, she abruptly broke off her work, changed countenance and colour, tore her hair, and fell a roaring downright.**

“’T is either Plato,” says Sterne, “or Plutarch, or Seneca, or Xenophon, or Epictetus, or Theophrastus, or Lucian—or some one, perhaps of later date—either Cardan, or Budæus, or Petrarch, or Stella—or possibly it may be some divine or father of the church, St. Austin, or St. Cyprian, or Bernard, who affirms, that it is an irresistible and natural passion, to weep for the loss of our friends or children—and Seneca, (I’m positive) tells us somewhere, that such griefs evacuate themselves best by that particular channel. And accordingly, we find that David wept for his son Absalom—Adrian for his Antinous†—Niobe for her children—and that Apollodorus and Crito both shed tears for Socrates before his

* Anat. of Melanch. p. 213.

† The time has been, when this conjunction with the King of Israel would have smelt a little of the faggot,

death.”—This is well rallied, as the following passage will evince; but Sterne should have considered how much he owed to poor old Burton.

“*Death and departure of friends are things generally grievous; Omnium quæ in vita humana contingunt, luctus atque mors sunt acerbissima, [Cardan. de Consol. lib. 2.] the most austere and bitter accidents that can happen to a man in this life, in æternum valedicere, to part for ever, to forsake the world and all our friends, 't is ultimum terribilium, the last and the greatest terror, most irksome and troublesome unto us, &c.—Nay many generous spirits, and grave staid men otherwise, are so tender in this, that at the loss of a dear friend they will cry out, roar, and tear their hair, lamenting some months after, howling O hone, as those Irish women and Greeks at their graves commit many undecent actions,*” &c.* All this is corroborated by quotations from Ortelius, Catullus, Virgil, Lucan, and Tac-

* Anat. of Melanch. p. 213.

tus. I take them in the order assigned them by Burton. For he says, with great probability of himself, that he commonly wrote as fast as possible, and poured out his quotations just as they happened to occur to his memory. But to proceed with Mr. Shandy's consolation.

"'T is an inevitable chance—the first statute in Magna Charta—it is an everlasting act of Parliament, my dear brother—all must die."*

"'Tis an inevitable chance, the first statute in Magna Charta, an everlasting act of Parliament, all must die."†

"When Tully was bereft of his dear daughter Tullia, at first he laid it to his heart—he listened to the voice of nature, and modulated his own unto it, &c.—But as soon as he began to look into the stores of philosophy, and consider how many excellent things might be said upon the occasion—nobody

* Tristram Shandy, vol. v. chap. 3.

† Anat. of Melanch. p. 215.

upon earth can conceive, says the great orator, how joyful, how happy it made me.”*

“Tully was much grieved for his daughter Tulliola’s death at first, until such time that he had confirmed his mind with some philosophical precepts, then he began to triumph over fortune and grief, and for her reception into heaven to be much more joyed than before he was troubled for her loss.”†

Sterne is uncharitable here to poor Cicero.—

“Kingdoms and provinces, and towns and cities, have they not their periods? Where is Troy, and Mycene, and Thebes, and Delos, and Persepolis, and Agrigentum.—What is become, brother Toby, of Nineveh and Babylon, of Cyzicum and Mytilene; the fairest towns that ever the sun rose upon, are now no more.”‡

“Kingdoms, provinces, cities, and towns,” says Burton, “have their periods, and are consumed. In those flourishing times of Troy,

* Sterne.

† Burton.

‡ Sterne.

Mycene was the fairest city in Greece,—but it, alas, and that Assyrian Ninive are quite overthrown. The like fate hath that Egyptian and Bæotian Thebes, Delos, the common council-house of Greece, and Babylon, the greatest city that ever the sun shone on, hath now nothing but walls and rubbish left."

—And where is Troy itself now, Persepolis, Carthage, Cizicum, Sparta, Argos, and all those Grecian cities? Syracuse and Agri-gentum, the fairest towns in Sicily, which had sometimes seven hundred thousand inhabitants, are now decayed."

Let us follow Sterne again. "Returning out of Asia, when I sailed from Ægina towards Megara, I began to view the country round about. Ægina was behind me, Megara was before, Pyræus on the right hand, Corinth on the left. What flourishing towns now prostrate on the earth! Alas! alas! said I to myself, that a man should disturb his soul for the loss of a child, when so much as this lies awfully buried in his

presence. Remember, said I to myself again—remember that thou art a man.”

This is, with some slight variations, Burton’s translation of Servius’s letter. Sterne alters just enough, to shew that he had not attended to the original. Burton’s version follows.

“Returning out of Asia, when I sailed from Ægina towards Megara, I began to view the country round about. Ægina was behind me, Megara before, Pyræus on the right hand, Corinth on the left; what flourishing towns heretofore, now prostrate and overwhelmed before mine eyes? Alas, why are we men so much disquieted with the departure of a friend, whose life is much shorter? when so many goodly cities lie buried before us. Remember, O Servius thou art a man; and with that I was much confirmed, and corrected myself.”

“My son is dead,” says Mr. Shandy, “so much the better,* ’t is a shame in such a tempest, to have but one anchor.”

* This is an awkward member of the sentence.

I, but he was my most dear and loving friend, quoth Burton, my sole friend—Thou maist be ashamed, I say with Seneca, to confess it, in such a tempest as this, to have but one anchor.

“But,” continues Mr. Shandy, “he is gone for ever from us! be it so. He is got from under the hands of his barber before he was bald. He is but risen from a feast before he was surfeited — from a banquet before he had got drunken. The Thracians wept when a child was born, and feasted and made merry when a man went out of the world, and with reason. Is it not better not to hunger at all, than to eat? not to thirst, than to take physic to cure it? Is it not better to be freed from cares and agues, love and melancholy, and the other hot and cold fits of life,* than, like a galled traveller, who comes weary to his inn, to be bound to begin his journey afresh?”

* This approaches to one of Shakespeare's happy expressions :

Duncan is in his grave :

After life's fitful fever he sleeps well.

I shall follow Burton's collections as they stand in his own order.* *"Thou dost him great injury to desire his longer life. Wilt thou have him crazed and sickly still, like a tired traveller that comes weary to his inn, begin his journey afresh?—He is now gone to eternity—as if he had risen, saith Plutarch, from the midst of a feast before he was drunk.—Is it not much better not to hunger at all, than to eat: not to thirst, than to drink to satisfy thirst; not to be cold, than to put on clothes to drive away cold? You had more need rejoice that I am freed from diseases, agues, &c. The Thracians wept still when a child was born, feasted and made mirth when any man was buried: and so should we rather be glad for such as die well, that they are so happily freed from the miseries of this life."*†

Again—"Consider, brother Toby,—

* Sterne has commonly reversed the arrangement, which produces a strong effect in the comparison.

† Anat. of Mel. p. 216.

when we are, death is not, and when death is, we are not.”—So Burton translates a passage in Seneca : *When we are, death is not ; but when death is, then we are not.** The original words are, *quum nos sumus, mors non adest ; cum vero mors adest, tum nos non sumus.*

“ For this reason, continued my father, ’t is worthy to recollect, how little alteration in great men the approaches of death have made. Vespasian died in a jest—Galba with a sentence—Septimius Severus in a dispatch ; Tiberius in dissimulation, and Cæsar Augustus in a compliment.” This conclusion of so remarkable a chapter is copied, omitting some quotations, almost verbatim, from Lord Verulam’s Essay on Death.

Sterne has taken two other passages from this short essay : “ There is no terror, brother Toby, in its looks, but what it borrows from groans and convulsions—and the blowing of noses, and the wiping away of tears

* P. 213.

with the bottoms of curtains in a dying man's room." Thus Bacon—*Groans and convulsions, and discoloured face, and friends weeping, and blacks, and obsequies, and the like, shew death terrible.* Again, Corporal Trim, in his harangue, "in hot pursuit, the wound itself which brings him is not felt."—Bacon says, *He that dies in an earnest pursuit, is like one that is wounded in hot blood, who for the time scarce feels the hurt.*

Among these instances of remarkable deaths, I am surprised that the curious story of Cardinal Bentivoglio did not occur to Sterne. When the Cardinal entered the conclave, after the death of Urban VIII. he was unfortunately lodged in the chamber next to one who slept and snored *quantum poterat*, says Erythræus, all night long. Poor Bentivoglio, worn down to a shadow by his literary pursuits, and his disappointments, and already but too wakeful, passed eleven nights without sleep, by the snoring of his neighbour; when symptoms of fever ap-

pearing, he was removed to a more quiet room, in which he soon finished his days.*

We must have recourse to Burton again, for part of the *Tristra-Pædia*. “O blessed health! cried my father, making an exclamation, as he turned over the leaves to the next chapter,—thou art above all gold and treasure; ’tis thou who enlargest the soul, —and openest all its powers to receive instruction, and to relish virtue.—He that has thee, has little more to wish for; and he that is so wretched as to want thee,—wants every thing with thee.”†

O blessed health! says Burton, thou art above all gold and treasure; [Ecclesiast.] the poor man’s riches, the rich man’s bliss, without thee there can be no happiness.‡

O beata sanitas, te presente amænum
Ver floret gratiis, absque te nemo beatus.

But I should, in order, have noticed first

* Jan. Nic. Erythræ. Pinacothec. alter. p. 37.

† Chap. xxxiii. vol. v.

‡ Page 104. Ibid. page 276.

an exclamation at the end of chapter ix. in the spirit of which no body could expect Sterne to be original. "Now I love you for this—and 't is this delicious mixture within you, which makes you, dear creatures, what you are—and he who hates you for it—all I can say of the matter is, That he has a pumpkin for his head, or a pippin for his heart,—and whenever he is dissected 't will be found so."—Burton's quotation is: *Qui vim non sensit amoris, aut lapis est, aut bellua*: which he translates thus: *He is not a man, a block, a very stone, aut Numen, aut Nebuchadnezzar, he hath a gourd for his head, a pippin for his heart, that hath not felt the power of it.*

In chap. xxxvi. vol. vi. Sterne has picked out a few quotations from Burton's Essay on Love-Melancholy,* which afford nothing very remarkable, except Sterne's boldness in quoting quotations.

By help of another extract † from Bur-

* See Burton, p. 310, & seq.

† Trist. Shandy, vol. vii. chap. xiii.

ton, Sterne makes a great figure as a curious reader: "I hate to make mysteries of nothing;—'t is the cold cautiousness of one of those little souls from which Lessius (lib. xiii. de moribus divinis, ch. xxiv.) has made his estimate, wherein he setteth forth, That one Dutch mile, cubically multiplied, will allow room enough, and to spare, for eight hundred thousand millions, which he supposes to be as great a number of souls (counting from the fall of Adam) as can possibly be damn'd to the end of the world. —I am much more at a loss to know what could be in Franciscus Ribera's head, who pretends that no less a space than one of two hundred Italian miles, multiplied into itself, will be sufficient to hold the like number—he certainly must have gone upon some of the old Roman souls," &c.

The succeeding raillery is very well, but unfair with respect to the mathematical theologian, as the original passage will prove. "*Franciscus Ribera, in cap. 14. Apocalyps. will have hell a material and local fire in the*

cc
im
E
54
B
f
2

centre of the earth, two hundred Italian miles in diameter, as he defines it out of those words, *Exivit sanguis de terra—per Stadia mille sexcenta, &c.* But Lessius, lib. xiii. de moribus divinis, cap. 24. will have this local hell far less, one Dutch mile in diameter, all filled with fire and brimstone; because, as he there demonstrates, that space cubically multiplied will make a sphere able to hold eight hundred thousand millions of damned bodies, (allowing each body six foot square) which will abundantly suffice." [I believe the damned, upon Lessius's scheme, would be less crowded, than the victims of the African slave-trade have often been, on the middle passage.] "*Cum certum sit, inquit, facta subductione, non futuros centies mille millones damnandorum.*"*

Lucian, in his *Necyomantia*, allows only a foot to each of the shades; but the opponents of some late acts of the legislature must not pride themselves in his patronage. He supposed the tenants of his more merciful

* Anat. of Melanch. p. 156.

hell to be only skeletons, or the shadows, which had accompanied the natural bodies of men upon earth.*

Again, at the end of the same chapter in *Tristram Shandy*; “but where am I? and into what a delicious riot of things am I rushing? I—I who must be cut short in the midst of my days,” &c. Burton concludes his chapter “on Maids’, Nunns’, and Widows’ Melancholy,” in the same manner. “*But where am I? into what subject have I rushed? What have I to do?*”† &c.

The preface to *Tristram*, which is whimsically placed near the end of the third volume, contains another of Burton’s sallies. “Lay hold of me,—I am giddy—I am stone-blind—I’m dying—I am gone—Help! help! help!”—

Burton, in his *Digression of Air*, stops himself in a metaphysical ramble, in the same manner. *But, hoo! I am now gone*

* Ἀπαντες γὰρ ἀτεχνως ἀλλήλοις γίνονται ὁμοιοί, τῶν ὅσων γιγνόμενων. *** ἐκεῖντο δ’ ἐπ’ ἀλλήλοις ἀμαυροί, &c.

† Page 124.

quite out of sight : I am almost giddy with roving about.

It was observed to me by Mr. Isaac Read, that Sterne had made use of the notes to Blount's Translation of *Philostratus*. The most striking resemblances are contained in Blount's Observations on Death, in which he has copied nearly the whole of Lord Verulam's Essay on that subject. Blount also declared war against gravity of manners, and there are many eccentricities scattered through his annotations (which are almost as bulky as the explanatory notes to our modern poems) that Sterne had turned to his own account, though it is difficult to trace them distinctly.

I shall just observe by the way, that a pretty passage in the *Story of the King of Bohemia and his seven castles*;—"MODESTY scarce touches with a finger what LIBERALITY offers her with both her hands open"—alludes to a picture of Guido's, the design of which it describes tolerably well.

Retournons a nos moutons, as Rabelais would

say ; in matters of painting, it is dangerous for a man to trust his own eyes, till he has taken his degree of Connoisseur.

It confirms me strongly in the belief that the character of Mr. Shandy is a personification of the authorship of Burton, when I find such a passage as the following in Sterne. " There is a Philippic in verse on somebody's eye or other, that for two or three nights together had put him by his rest ; which, in his first transport of resentment against it, he begins thus ;

" A devil 't is—and mischief such doth work,
As never yet did Pagan, Jew, or Turk."

This choice couplet is quoted by Burton* from some bad poet, now unknown, of whose name he only gives the initials.

" Hilarion the hermit, in speaking of his abstinence, his watchings, flagellations, and other instrumental parts of his religion,—would say—though with more facetiousness

* Page 331.

than became an hermit—That they were the means he used, to make his ass (meaning his body) leave off kicking.”*

“ *By this means Hilarion made his ass, as he called his own body, leave kicking (so Hierome relates of him in his life) when the Devil tempted him to any foul offence.*”†

“ I wish, Yorick, said my father, you had read Plato; for there you would have learnt that there are two Loves—of these loves, according to Ficinus’s comment upon Velasius, the one is rational—the other is natural—the first ancient—without mother—where Venus has nothing to do: the second, begotten of Jupiter and Dione—”‡

|| *One Venus is ancient, without a mother, and descended from heaven, whom we call celestial. The younger begotten of Jupiter*

* Tris. Shandy, vol. viii. chap. xxxi.

† Burton, p. 333.

‡ Tris. Shandy, vol. viii. chap. xxxiii.

|| Velasius is quoted through all the preceding passages in Burton.

from the original in Lucian, with which, I am persuaded, he was unacquainted.

That part of Mr. Shandy's letter to Uncle Toby, which consists of obsolete medical practices, is taken from one of Burton's chapters on the cure of Love-Melancholy.*

Gordonius's prescription of a severe beating for the cure of love, seems to have entertained Sterne greatly. This remedy was once a favourite with physicians, in the cure of many diseases: there was then good reason for giving *Birch* a place in the dispensatories. To say nothing of Luther's practice in the case of his maid-servant, which I shall have occasion to mention afterwards, we find in the Appendix to Wepfer's *Historia apoplecticorum*, an account of a soldier, who prevented an attack of the apoplexy, by flogging himself, till blood ran freely from his back and nostrils. Oribasius, one of the virtuosi of that time, wrote to recommend whipping in fevers. Dr. Musgrave quotes

* Anatomy of Melancholy, p. 333, to 335.

a German physician, who cured two of his patients of dysentery, by drubbing them as much as was sufficient.*

The practice of these terrible doctors among unfortunate lunatics, is too notorious. One of them directs the application for love-melancholy in this elegant manner, in his book; *si juvenis est, flagelletur ejusculus cum verberibus,† et si non sistit, ponatur in fundo turris cum pane et aqua, &c.*

Campanella tells a curious story of an Italian prince, an excellent musician, *qui alvum deponere non poterat, nisi verberatus a servo ad id adscito.‡* I omit many other prescriptions of the same kind. These instances are sufficient to establish the predilection of the faculty for this practice, which Butler has so highly celebrated for its moral tendency :

Whipping that's virtue's governess,
Tut'ress of arts and sciences ;

* Of the qualities of the nerves, p. 138.

† Meibomius, p. 5, et seq.

‡ Idem.

That mends the gross mistakes of nature,
And puts new life into dull matter ;
That lays foundation for renown,
And all the honours of the gown.*

Peter I. of Russia seems to have adopted this philosophy, for we are assured that he was accustomed to cane his ministers and courtiers, for high misdemeanors, with his own imperial hands.

Sterne has made frequent references to Montaigne: the best commentary on the fifth chapter of *Tristram Shandy*, vol. VIII. is Montaigne's essay on the subject of that chapter.

Charges of Plagiarism in his Sermons have been brought against Sterne, which I have not been anxious to investigate, as in that species of composition, the principal matter must consist of repetitions. But it has long been my opinion, that the manner, the style, and the selection of subjects for those Sermons, were derived from the excellent *Contemplations* of Bishop Hall.

* Hudibras, part ii. canto i.

There is a delicacy of thought, and tenderness of expression in the good Bishop's compositions, from the transfusion of which Sterne looked for immortality.

Let us compare that singular Sermon, entitled THE LEVITE AND HIS CONCUBINE, with part of the Bishop's Contemplation of the LEVITE'S CONCUBINE. I shall follow Sterne's order.

“ — Then shame and grief go with her, and wherever she seeks a shelter, may the hand of justice shut the door against her.”*

What husband would not have said—She is gone, let shame and grief go with her ; I shall find one no less pleasing, and more faithful.†

“ Our annotators tell us, that in Jewish *æconomicks*, these (concubines) differed little from the wife, except in some outward ceremonies and stipulations, but agreed with her in all the true essences of marriage.”‡

The law of God, says the Bishop, allowed

* Sterne, Sermon xviii.

† Bp. Hall's Works, p. 1017.

‡ Sterne loc. citat.

the Levite a wife; human connivance a concubine; neither did the Jewish concubine differ from a wife, but in some outward compliments; both might challenge all the true essence of marriage.

l I shall omit the greater part of the Levite's soliloquy, in Sterne, and only take the last sentences.

“ Mercy well becomes the heart of all thy creatures, but most of thy servant, a Levite, who offers up so many daily sacrifices to thee, for the transgressions of thy people.”

— “ But to little purpose,” he would add, “ have I served at thy altar, where my business was to sue for mercy, had I not learn'd to practise it.”

Mercy, says Bishop Hall, becomes well the heart of any man, but most of a Levite. He that had helped to offer so many sacrifices to God for the multitude of every Israelite's sins, saw how proportionable it was, that man should not hold one sin unpardonable. He had served at the altar to no purpose, if he

(whose trade was to sue for mercy) had not at all learned to practise it.

It were needless to pursue the parallel.

Sterne's twelfth Sermon, on the Forgiveness of Injuries, is merely a dilated commentary on the beautiful conclusion of the *Contemplation* 'of Joseph.'

The sixteenth Sermon contains a more striking imitation. "There is no small degree of malicious craft in fixing upon a season to give a mark of enmity and ill-will;—a word, a look, which, at one time, would make no impression,—at another time, wounds the heart; and, like a shaft flying with the wind, pierces deep, which with its own natural force, would scarce have reached the object aimed at."

This is little varied from the original: *There is no small cruelty in the picking out of a time for mischief; that word would scarce gall at one season, which at another killeth. The same shaft flying with the wind pierces deep, which against it, can hardly find strength to stick upright.**

* Hall's Shimei Cursing.

In Sterne's fifth Sermon, the *Contemplation* of 'Elijah with the Sareptan,' is closely followed. Witness this passage out of others: "The prophet follows the call of his God:—the same hand which brought him to the gate of the city, had led also the poor widow out of her doors, oppressed with sorrow."*

The prophet follows the call of his God; the same hand that brought him to the gate of Sarepta, led also this poor widow out of her doors.†

The succeeding passages which correspond are too long for insertion.

Sterne has acknowledged his acquaintance with this book, by the disingenuity of two ludicrous quotations in *Tristram Shandy*.‡

The use which Sterne made of Burton and Hall, and his great familiarity with their works, had considerable influence on his

* Sterne.

† Bishop Hall, p. 1323.

‡ Vol. i. chap. xxii. and vol. vii. chap. xiii.

style; it was rendered, by assimilation with their's, more easy, more natural, and more expressive. Every writer of taste and feeling must indeed be invigorated, by drinking at the "pure well of English undefiled;" but like the Fountain of Youth, celebrated in the old romances, its waters generally elude the utmost efforts of those who strive to appropriate them.

*Sterner's formless too borrowed
freely from Young's (the father
of the Poet and Dean of Lincoln)
1763 - See European Magazine
Vol XVI p 118*

CHAPTER IV.

Mr. Shandy's hypothesis of noses explained—Taliacotius—Stories of long noses—Coincidence between Vigneul-Marville and Lavater—Opinions of Garmann—Riolan—Beddoes—Segar's point of honour concerning the nose.

By the labours of those who cultivate the philosophy of the East, we learn, that there exists an order of sages,* who reckon it the perfection of wisdom, to pass their lives in silently contemplating the point of the nose. The philosophy of noses has not

* The Yogeys. See *Sketches relating to the History of the Hindoos*.

Tho' the priesthood of Fe on the vulgar impose
By squinting whole years at the end of their nose.

CAMBRIDGE.

remained unnoticed in Europe, but it has never been generally pursued, either from an apprehension of the obliquity which it occasions in the Indian students, or because the science does not lead to the same degree of power and consequence among us as in Asia.

The doctrine of noses was too common in Sterne's favourite writers, to be overlooked by him; but there is a cause of perplexity in his allusions, which must be explained to an English reader.

Some languages, particularly the Latin, the French, and Italian, abound in figurative expressions respecting the understanding and manners, which refer to the nose. We have few expressions parallel to these in English; and every attempt to engraft such topics of raillery upon our language is necessarily attended with obscurity,

The Greeks, delicate to excess in whatever regarded the proportions of the body, attached great ridicule to noses of immoderate length. The Anthology contains

several epigrams on this subject, which Pope might have quoted as examples of *hyperbole*. Such is the epigram on Proclus ;

Οὐ δύναται τῇ χειρὶ Πρόκλῳ τὴν ῥῖν'
ἀπομύσσειν, ἔσ.

His vast proboscis Proclus never blows ;
His hand too small to grasp his salient nose.
If when he sneezes, Proclus should refrain
To cry, ' Jove bless me,' think him not profane ;
For his own sneeze in time he cannot hear,
So distant either nostril from his ear.

Another epigram, written in the same taste, demands respect, because it was the production of the Emperor Trajan :

Αντίον ἥελις, ἔσ.*

Turn your nose to the sun, and gape wide for a
trial ;
Your neighbours will find you an excellent dial.

A very different sentiment prevailed among the Hebrews, respecting large noses ; they were considered as indicating prudence

* Anthologia, tom. i. p. 412.

and long-suffering.—I must here transcribe from Camerarius: *Atque hoc quidem epitheton inter cætera Deus sibi arrogat, qui Mosén alloquens, [Exod. 34.] proprietatibus decem hanc adjicit, ~~est~~ id est, MAGNO NASO, ut Hispanica editio Complutensis, et recentior Antverpiensis, ad verbum exprimunt, et aliis quoque Bibliorum locis Deus ita vocatur, quod omnes interpretes exponunt patientem, ut contra à brevi naso Hebræi promptum ad iram vel iracundum interpretantur.**

As the nose furnishes the principal expression of derision in the countenance, several words and phrases in the Greek and Latin languages bear a reference to it, in denoting raillery or contempt. But it is sometimes assumed as the type of judgment and acuteness. *Ipse denique Nasus*, says Erasmus, *in proverbium abiit, pro judicio. Horat. Non quia nullus illis nasus erat.†*

* Horæ Subcisivæ, tom. i. p. 253. In p. 249, *Nasus Domini* is mentioned as a figure for Anger.

† Adagia, p. 348.

Another phrase is not very refined in its origin ; though it denotes acuteness and even polish :

*Emunctæ naris duros componere versus.**

Martial has an epigram which cannot be translated into English, (though somewhat applicable to this book), on account of his adherence to this figure :

*Nasutus sis usque licet, sis denique nasus,
Quantum noluerit ferre rogatus Atlas,
Et possis ipsum tu deridere Latinum,
Non potes in nugas dicere plura meas,
Ipse ego quam dixi :—————†*

And in another place he employs a strong figure, equally intractable in English, to denote the early critical abilities of the Roman youth :

Et pueri nasum rhinocerotis habent.‡

* Horat.

† Epigrammat. lib. xiii. epigr. 2.

‡ Lib. i. epigr. 4.

In the French and Italian languages, such allusions are very common. I take the following remarks from the *Nasea* of Argentine, a writer whom Burton has quoted lavishly (from the Latin translation of Barthius) in some of the chapters on Love-Melancholy, where he seems to have unbended himself so completely. The frequent references to this author, in a book which seems to have been perpetually in Sterne's hands, would probably induce him to read the original.

The author of the *Nasea*, after magnifying his correspondent's nose, says, “ in somma egli é quel naso, che sendo veramente Re de' nasi, v'ha dègnamente fatto Re de gli huomini, come voi sete : & tanto maggior Re, quanto egli é maggior naso, & piu magnifico, & piu onnipotente de gli altri. Laqual cosa procedendo per via di ragione si puo per diversi modi provare : ma primamente le proveremo per l'autorità de' Persi, i quali dopó la morte di Ciro, (che secondo si scrive si trovó un bel pezzo di naso) giu-

dicarono che nessuno huomo potesse esser ne bello, ne degno di regnare, che non si trovasse cosí nasuto, come fu egli. Nel libro de' Re trovo una postilla del Mazzagattone, con un tratto del Zucca, che Nabuccodenasor hebbe quel Regno, & quel nome, perche hebbe gran bocca, & gran naso. Sopra che si fonda l' oppenione d'un mio compagno, quale é, che CARLO V. sia hoggi si grande Imperadore, perche si trova si gran bocca: & che FRANCESCO Re di Francia sia si gran Re, perche ha si gran naso: & che si non fosse, che 'l naso del Re contrasta con la bocca dell' Imperadore; & la bocca dell' Imperadore col naso del Re, ciascuno d' essi (mercé di quella bocca, o di quel naso) sarebbe Signor di tutto il mondo: Dove per il pari, o poco differente contrapeso, di pari o poco differentimente contendono della somma dell' Imperio. Et dicemi che 'l Re non per altro fu prigionie sotto Pavia, se non perche in quel tempo la Maesta del suo naso, si tro-

vava impaniata di certi piastrelli,* per un certo male del suo paese, et che la bocca dell' Imperadore era sana, et senza impedimento. Nel passaggio poi di sua Maesta Ces. in Provenza, che 'l naso del Re era sano, et la bocca dell' Imperadore per carestia di vettovaglia si trovó mal pasciuta, ognun sa come la bisogna andasse. Ma per tornare al naso, io voglio dire alla Maesta V. un gran segreto, che tutti i padanti lo cercano, et non l'hanno ancor trovato; che Ovidio Nasone non fu per altro confinato, se non perché Augusto dubbitó che quel suo gran naso non li togliesse l' Imperio; et mandollo in esiglio tra quelle nevi et quei ghiacci della Moscovia, perché li si seccasse il naso di freddo. L' Aquila perché credete voi che sia Regina de gli uccegli, se non perché si truova quel naso così grifagno? L' Elefante perché é egli più ingenuoso de gli altri animali, se non perché ha quel grugno così lungo? Il

* Piccioli emplastri.

Rinocerote per qual cagione é tanto temuto da vitiosi se non perche l' ha cosi duro? In somma un naso straordinario porta sempre seco straordinaria maggioranza: et non senza ragione. Percio che io ho trovato, che 'l naso é la sede della Maestá & dell' honore dell' huomo: et per conseguenza chi maggior l' ha, piu honorato debbe essere. Donde si dice, Tu mi dai del naso, id est, tu me tocchi nell' honore.*"

" In a word, it is such, that being truly the king of noses, it has justly rendered you the king of men; and so much a greater king, as it is the greatest, the most magnificent, and most powerful of noses, which may be proved in two different ways; but particularly by the authority of the Persians, who after the death of Cyrus (a prince, according to authors, excellently provided with a nose) esteemed no man beautiful, nor worthy to reign, unless he had a nose of

* Page 532, 3, 4. I quote from the scarce Elzevir edition.

like size. In the book of Kings is a note by Mazzagattone,* with a jest by Zucca,† that Nabuccodenasor had his kingdom and his name from his great mouth and his large nose. Upon which a friend of mine has founded an opinion, that Charles v. is at present so great an emperor, because he has so large a mouth; and that Francis king of France is so great a king, because he has so large a nose; and that if it had not happened that the king's nose counteracted the emperor's mouth, and the emperor's mouth the king's nose, one of them (by virtue of the mouth or the nose), would be master of the whole world: whence it follows, that balancing each other, they contend for the sovereignty with nearly equal fortune. And he tells me, that the king was taken prisoner at Pavia, only because at that time the majesty of his nose was degraded, by some out-

* Scarecrow.

† Gourd; he had "a gourd for his head," I suppose.

ward applications on account of the country-disease, while the emperor's mouth was healthy and unimpaired. Afterwards, in the emperor's invasion of Provence, the king's nose being healed, and the emperor's mouth being injured by want of provisions, every one knows how the affair terminated. But to return to noses in general, I will tell your majesty a great secret, which all the pedants have tried without success to discover : that Ovid (Naso), was banished for no other reason, than that Augustus feared that his great nose might carry off the empire from him : and he sent Ovid into exile among the snows and ice of Russia, that his nose might be shrivelled with cold. Why, think you, is the eagle the queen of birds, but because of her prominent beak? Why is the elephant the wisest of animals, but because he has so long a trunk? Why is the rhinoceros so much dreaded by the vitious,* but because his horn

* In translating an author full of extravagant and far-fetched conceits, of the 16th century, the meaning sometimes unavoidably escapes us.

is so hard? In fine, an extraordinary nose always carries with it extraordinary greatness; and not without reason. For I have found that the nose is the seat of majesty and honour in man; and consequently whoever has it largest ought to be most honoured." The next passages relate to Italian proverbs taken from this figure, which hardly admit translation, or to a view of the subject from which I totally abstain.

An account follows of the expression of the passions depending on the nose, and of the different kinds of noses: every thing that might have been expected from Sterne's *Slawkenbergius*, the idea of which was perhaps inspired by this very treatise. "Beato voi, says the author in another place,* che vi portate in faccia la meraviglia, & la consolazione di chiunque vi mira. Ognuno strabilia che lo vede: ognuno stupisce che lo sente: a tutti da riso; a tutti desiderio. Tutti i Poeti ne cantano: tutti i prosatori ne scrivono; tutti coloro che hanno favella ne ragionano: — — — — — Qui

* Page 540.

dopo che voi sete partito s'è fatto più fracasso di questo vostro naso, che della gita del Papa a Nizza, et del passaggio che prepara il gran Turco; tanto che mi par diventato la tromba della fama, che da ognuno é sonata, et da ognuno é sentita." I confess that all these circumstances, of the "wonder which he carries in his face; of the astonishment and interest with which every one regards him; of the employment which his appearance furnishes to all the writers and talkers; of the noise which is occasioned by his wonderful nose after his departure, which overpowers the reports of the residence of the Pope at Nice, or the invasion meditated by the grand Turk; and of its resemblance to the *trumpet* of fame, which is sounded and felt by every one;" these, with many other allusions and incidents in this author, remind me of the stranger at the gates of Strasburgh, in Slawkenbergius's tale. Sterne has shewed, on many occasions, how well he could improve upon slight hints.

In the only volume of Bouchet which I

have seen, the subject of Noses is briefly mentioned; the passage follows:— Ceste chaleur fait aussi, adjousta-il encores, que les Mores sont fort camus, et diriez qu'on leur a coupé le nez sur le billot: cela procedant de la grande chaleur, qui ne permet pas que les os et les cartilages croissent beaucoup, comme venans d'une matiere inutile et vacante: les petits enfans le confirment bien, lesquels estans chauds, sont camus, ayans en leur jeunesse le nez fort court. Et si faut noter que les Morès, et tous ceux qui sont camus, sont coleres: & qu'au contraire, les grands nez sont plus patiens & prudents, et qu'en la Bible quand on dit que quelqu'un à grand nez, les interpretes tournent patient: ce qui demonstre qu'en la physionomie y à quelque divination de complexion.*

There is a writer who deserved a higher place in Mr. Shandy's library, than any of those whom Sterne has ventured to men-

* Bouchet, tom. iii. p. 110, 11.

tion; and he was the more entitled to notice, because his fame has been unjustly and unaccountably eclipsed. I allude to Gaspar Tagliacozzi, or, according to the pedantic fashion of the times, Taliacotius, a professor at Bologna, who outstripped his contemporaries too far, to gain the honour and the confidence due to his discoveries. He had indeed the misfortune of being too learned for his time, in D'Alembert's phrase; *trop instruit pour son siècle*. The first part of his book *De Curtorum Chirurgia*, however, was sufficiently accommodated to the prevailing taste. It contains several chapters on the dignity of the face and its different features; the fifth and sixth chapters are bestowed upon the nose, and contain philosophy enough to have satiated Mr. Shandy himself.

There is a very curious speculation in the chapter on the Dignity of the Face, medically considered, which the learned reader will not be displeased to see, and which, I hope, he will keep to himself. "Agam saltem id, ut perspecto situ membrorum genitalium, quanta ratio ha-

bilita fuerit excellentiæ faciei atque nobilitatis, quodque membra hæc justissimo architecti consilio, non exiguo interstitio inter se dirempta sint, exacte cognoscamus. Nam cum cerebri sit propago quædam facies, ad quam sensuum omnium organa deflectant, quo in loco animæ virtus divinas suas vires exerat, quid inconvenientius fuisset, & protoplasta indignius, quam membra illa pecuina et abjecta, cum partibus adeo nobilibus et divinis confundere? Hoc enim dominum esset cum mancipio eodem loco ponere. Namque munia sensuum turbaret talis constitutio, mentis aciem obtunderet, & rationis imperium everteret. Innata enim hominibus cupiditas, levi etiam de causa instigata, ac indomita bestia multoties in rectorem suum insiliret, & habenis excussis, de sede sua eum dejiceret. Non dicam quantum obfuturum sit decori & venustati, quantaque loci fuerit iniquitas, & laboris dispendium, si omnino membra illa eo locari debuissent. Quare ea procul hinc abrepta, natura sapiens discrevit, & faciem alta in

in sede & conspicua collocari, membra vero genitalia, instar vile pecus in stabula, locum vilem, & depressum detrudi jussit."

In the fifth chapter, which treats of the dignity of noses, we meet with a laboured description of the deformity resulting from the mutilation of this important feature. When the nose is cut off, we are told, "*that the gulphs and recesses of the inward parts are disclosed; vast vacuities open, and caverns dark as the cave of Trophonius; to the dismay and terror of the beholders.*"*

"There is besides," says Taliacotius, "something august and regal in the nose, either because it is the sign of coporeal beauty and mental perfection, or because it denotes some peculiar aptness and wisdom in governing. So the Persians admire an

* Etenim narium apice abscisso, panduntur sinus & partium internarum recessus, vasti patent hiatus, & cavernæ, instar antri Trophonii obscuræ; horrendum certe & abominandum aspicientibus spectaculum.

Lib. i. chap. v.

aquiline nose in their king: so in the Old Testament, those who had too small, or too large, or a distorted nose, were excluded from the priesthood, and the sacrifices. Such is the dignity attributed to the nose, that those who are deprived of it are not admitted to the functions of government;” which he confirms by *historical examples*, from the dismal narratives of Josephus. “The nose, therefore, is of such estimation,” he concludes, “that upon the beauty and configuration thereof depend the highest ecclesiastical dignities, the noblest governments, and the most extensive kingdoms.* Besides, the nose chiefly distinguishes one individual from another; wherefore Æneas could hardly recognize Deiphobus, when he encountered him in the shades without his nose,” which he had lost, like many of Taliaquotius’s friends, by means of his Helen; as Cassandra complains in Seneca;

* Nasus ergo tantæ est estimationis, ut ex ejus decore, ornatuque, summa Sacerdotia, amplissima imperia, et regna latissima penderè videantur.

Ibid.

incertos geris
Deïphobe vultus, conjugis munus novæ.

He then shews, that the threat of cutting off the noses and ears of sinners is used in scripture, to denote the utmost degree of desolation and infamy, and he touches slightly on the doctrine of the Pythagoreans respecting the nose; that nature has expressed in the formation of this feature, the *Monade* and the *Dyade*, by connecting the two nostrils by a common bridge; an observation from which those pompous triflers draw fantastical ideas of the power of certain numbers. We are next told, that the Egyptians used the nose as a hieroglyphic to signify a wise man; after which follow the Latin phrases, which depend on this figure. The chapter is concluded by the physiognomonic doctrine of the nose, on which Mr. Lavater has left nothing unsaid.

The obscurity under which Taliacotius's brilliant discoveries on the union of living parts have remained, is not more remarkable

than its cause : it was occasioned by the jest of a Dutchman. The contemptible story which Butler has versified, in his well known lines, was forged by Van Helmont, and obtained such currency through Europe, that even the Testimony of Ambrose Paré in favour of Taliacotius was disregarded.*

The real process employed by this great man, in supplying deficient or mutilated parts, consisted in taking the additional substance from the patient's own arm. That his attempts were successful; we have ample testimony in the writings of Paré and other surgeons, though his method seems not to have been adopted by any of them, I shall try to give the reader a general idea of this curious operation, with the view of rescuing the memory of a man of genius

* So completely unfounded is Van Helmont's story, that Taliacotius (lib. i. chap. xviii.) has considered the question formally, whether the supplementary part ought to be taken from the patient himself, or from another person, and has decided for the former,

from the most galling of evils, the successful misrepresentations of stupid malignity.

When the mutilation of the nose was to be repaired, the artist fixed on a sufficient portion of skin on the inside of the arm, about half way between the shoulder and the elbow. This was pinched up with a pair of blunt forceps, and separated on three sides from the other integuments, and from the muscles beneath, so as to form an oblong slip, remaining connected at one end to the rest of the skin, which Taliacotius calls the *root* of the slip. The edges of the nasal stump were afterwards pared with a scalpel, and the edge of the new slip was attached to them by sutures;* the arm being bound up to the face and head, by a curious apparatus, which my author has elaborately described. The

* This part of the operation was delayed, till the first inflammatory symptoms in the arm, occasioned by the excision of the slip, had subsided. If the operation should ever be revived, this cruel and unnecessary interruption would certainly be avoided.

parts were now suffered to unite. In the course of a fortnight the adhesion became so strong, that the engrafted part would bear the experiment of being pulled and fillipped. "Licebit tunc experiri rem, et traducem jam infixum non leviter concutere, qui cum validiori nexu cum naribus conjunctus sit, omnem motus tunc violentiam egregie sustinet."* It was then time to separate the new part from its attachment to the arm, which was performed by dividing the root of the slip. Nothing then remained but to cut the point of the nose into proper form, for which Taliacotius has given a mathematical rule, and to keep the artificial nostrils open, by means of tents, till the cure was completed.

If we attentively consider this method of retrieving a deplorable misfortune, which was a frequent consequence of the gallantries of that time, it must be allowed that the artist who invented, and who singly

* Taliacot, lib. ii, cap. xiii.

practised it, possessed uncommon professional merit. But when we reflect, that the display of facts, precisely similar, respecting the power of union in living parts, has conferred high celebrity on one of the most eminent physiologists of our own times, our respect for the author of the sixteenth century advances to admiration.* I have too high an opinion of the genius of the late Mr. HUNTER, to suppose that he was indebted to Taliacotius for his observations on this subject; I believe they were really discoveries to him; but there can be no doubt that he was anticipated by the Italian author. It is a disagreeable proof of the neglect of medical literature, that facts, so important to the theory and practice of the art, were so long obscured by silly and unpardonable prejudice.

If the general reader can tolerate my zeal in the cause of neglected merit, I would venture to observe, that Taliacotius came

* Taliacotius published his book in 1597.

surprisingly near the present theory of the manner in which the union of living parts is effected. Had the true doctrine of the circulation of the blood been discovered in his time, he would have been deficient in nothing. His only guide, embarrassed as he was with ancient errors, which he was forced to respect, was the vegetable process of engrafting. This analogy led him so far, that he supposed the veins of the newly united parts to coalesce, by mutual elongation. The arteries were then supposed to contain no blood. He says,* “*Dicendum itaque est profecto vel novam vasorum sobolem denuo regenerari, vel conservatis iis, quæ cum brachio inhæreret [tradux], ad-erant, cutis ductibus et eorum oris, cum iis, quæ in curtis sunt, canaliculis commissis rursus coalescere; vel si neque hoc fiat, vasa illa in curtis existentia, hos novarum partium ductus excitare, et agendi vim tribuere.*” After considering, with great soli-

* Lib. i. cap. xxv.

dity of reasoning, the supposition that new vessels were generated between the adherent parts (an idea which Mr. Hunter supported, to prove the life of the blood), he concludes in these words ; “ Itaque tamen ea, quæ sunt in traduce vasa, quam in stipite narium, conservata hactenus coire, et osculis adjunctis invicem coalescere, si quid ratio valet (nam hic oculi cæcutiunt) próculdubio affirmabimus.”* The physiological reader only can appreciate the profound sagacity of this conclusion, in a writer who lived long before the discovery of the true course of the blood. If Taliacotius had exchanged places with Harvey, he would probably have made better use of that improvement, which Harvey contented himself with holding out to admiration.

O fountain Arethuse, and thou honour'd flood,
Smooth-sliding Mincius, crown'd with vocal reeds,
That strain I heard was of a higher mood ;
But now my oat proceeds.†

* Id. ib.

† Lycidas.

Several inconveniences attended the artificial noses engrafted by our author, which he has specified, and which could only be known from actual experience. It was necessary to make the new parts considerably larger than the original nose,* because in the course of a year or two, they became shrivelled with cold, and at the end of that time were even smaller than the ancient organs. The first severe frost after the operation was apt to discolour the nose, or even to turn it black, and sometimes to make it fall off: it was therefore to be preserved like a Russian's nose, in a cover. However, it was thought a less evil, to wear a nose rather too large and too long, for a few years, than to have no nose at all.† Another grievance was, that the new nose being taken from a part which is covered with longer down than the skin of the face,

* Lib. i. cap. xxiv. In quo restitutæ nares ex cutanea propagine, a naturalibus ante resectis differant.

† Ibid.

was apt to become very hairy, and even to require shaving.* The new nostrils were also liable to be contracted in their diameter by length of time, and when they were neglected, to be shut up entirely. But in return, the new nose possessed a more acute sense, both of touch and smelling, than its predecessor.† The reader must perceive what a resource was denied to Mr. Shandy, after the demolition of his son's nose, by Sterne's want of acquaintance with our author. To endow Tristram with a much larger and more sagacious nose, so careful a parent would have been tempted to amputate the little that Dr. Slop had spared.

Dr. Garmann has written a chapter on the sympathy of artificial noses,‡ in his curious book *De Miraculis Mortuorum*; he

* Non raro præterea contingit, ut in novis naribus pili expullulent atque in eam longitudinem eluxurient, ut novaculam aliquando adhiberi necesse est. Idem, Ibid.

† Idem, Ibid.

‡ De Nasi insititii sympathia.

has stated, in this, the famous instance of Cyrus's nose very strongly. "Nasum aduncum prominentemque æstimabant Persæ, quod *Cyrus* TALI NASO ARMATUS regnum capesserit."* He denies Taliacotius's claim to the invention of this operation, and mentions a remarkable passage in the letters of an earlier writer, announcing the discovery to his friend, who had lost his nose, and informing him that he may now be fitted with as large a nose as he chooses. "De hoc ista *Caletinus in literis ad Orpianum* mutilum: *Branca Siculus, ingenio vir egregio*, didicit nares inserere, quas vel de brachio reficit, vel de servis mutuatus impingit. Hæc ubi vidi decrevi ad te scribere, nihil existimans carius esse posse. Quod si veneris, scito, te domum cum grandi quamvis naso rediturum esse.† Whether the practice was known in Bologna before Taliacotius, we have no accurate means of

* Page 82.

† De Miraculis Mortuorum, p. 84.

determining: we certainly have no earlier treatise on it than his. Licetus says, that he often saw Taliacotius operate, during his residence at Bologna as a student. If other surgeons had ventured on the same attempt,

———La città de la Salciccia fina *

would have been as much celebrated for its fabrication of noses, as for its sausages.

Fienus, a Lovain-Professor, and author of a well-known book on *the Power of the Imagination*, has given a very satisfactory account of the operation for the restitution of the nose, in his surgical tracts. He says, that he had frequently seen Taliacotius perform it, and that he had examined many noses which the artist had engrafted; among other disadvantages, he found that the artificial nose was apt to be too pliable, and to hang down like a turkey's. Fienus thought it necessary that the new nose should be kept in a case, during at least two years.

* Tassoni.

the reader wishes to consult any other
ities, concerning the reality of this
ion, he will find a long list in that
r of Dr. Garmann to which I have
y referred.

s said that a similar practice is known
a (where the point of the nose is an
of so much importance), and that the
art is supplied from the patient's own
ad.

the chief merit of the discovery was
btedly due to Taliacotius, who re-
, according to the ceremonies of his
a compliment at parting.

mind, which durst, like Diomede, engage
ck the Paphian Queen's most deadly rage,
ifler's wonder, and the witling's jest,
ols of envy, long thy fame supprest ;
agan Jove display'd no art so high,
ps' shoulder, or the Samian's thigh ;
ven the boast of Alchemy less bold,
nge imperfect ore to perfect gold :
obler thoughts approach'd creative skill,
ense, and motion waiting on thy will.

The French writers, especially those of the sixteenth century, used the figures derived from the nose very liberally. *Etre camus*, signifies with them to appear surprised and abashed. Vigneul-Marville mentions a curious anecdote on this subject, which accords very closely with a passage in Sterne.

“ Les nés camus déplaisent, et sont de mauvaise augure. Le Connétable Anne de Montmorency étoit camus ; et on l'appelloit à la cour, le camus de Montmorency. Le Duc de Guise, fils de celui qui fut tué à Blois, étoit aussi camus ; et j'ai connu un gentilhomme qui ayant une vénération singulière pour ces deux maisons de Guise et de Montmorency, ne se pouvoit consoler de ce qu'il s'y étoit trouvé deux camus, comme si ce défaut en diminueoit le lustre.”*

“ He, (Mr. Shandy) would often declare, in speaking his thoughts upon the subject, that he did not conceive how the greatest family in England could stand it out

* Tom. i. p. 140.

against an uninterrupted succession of six or seven short noses.”* This is a curious coincidence ; I pretend to call it no more.— But it must be added, that Marville’s Miscellanies appear to have been much read, about the time when Sterne wrote.

I am inclined to doubt whether Sterne had read this author, because I find much philosophy concerning noses in his second volume, which might have been accommodated to Tristram. He observes, that every face, however ugly it may appear, possesses such a degree of symmetry, that the alteration of any feature would render it more deformed. “ † For instance, if it

* Tris. Shandy, vol. iii. chap. xxxiii.

† Par exemple, si l’on prétendoit alonger le nez d’un camus, je dis qu’on ne feroit rien qui vaille ; parceque ce nez étant alonge, il ne feroit plus simétrie avec les autres parties du visage, qui étant d’une certaine grandeur, et aiant de certaines elevations, ou de certains enfoncemens, demandent que le nez leur soit proportionné. Ainsi selon des certaines règles très parfaites en elles.

were attempted to lengthen the nose of a flat-nosed man, I should expect no improvement of his appearance ; because this nose being lengthened, would no longer correspond with the other parts of the face, which

mêmes, un camus doit être camus ; et selon ces règles c'est un visage regulier qui deviendrait un monstre si on lui faisoit le nez aquilin. Je dis bien plus, qu'il est quelquefois aussi necessaire qu'un homme n'ait point de nez, qu'il est necessaire dans l'ordre Toscan, par exemple, que le chapeau de sa colon n'ait point de volute. C'est un bel ornement que la volute dans l'ordre Ionique ou dans le Corinthien, mais ce seroit un monstre et un irregularité dans l'ordre Toscan. Un petit nez, des petits yeux, une grande bouche qui nous choquent d'ordinaire, appartiennent à un ordre de beauté, qui peut bien n'être pas de notre goust ; mais que nous ne devons pas condamner, parce qu'en effet c'est un ordre qui a ses règles, qu'il ne nous appartient pas de contredire.

* * * * *

Que les François méprisent les nez camus et les petits yeux, et que les Chinois les estiment, ces sont des bizarreries et des extravagances de l'esprit humain, &c. Vigneul-Marville *Melanges d'Histoire et de Litterature*, tom. ii. p. 164, 165.

Being of a given size, and having their given elevations and depressions, require a nose proportioned to them. Thus, according to certain rules, complete in themselves, a flat-nosed man ought to be flat-nosed, and, according to those rules, he has a regular face, which would become monstrous, if an aquiline nose were clapped upon it. I go farther, and I advance, that it is sometimes as necessary that a man should be without nose, as that in the Tuscan order, the capital of the column should have no volute. The volute is a beautiful ornament in the Ionic or Corinthian order, but in the Tuscan it would be a monster, and an irregularity. A short nose, small eyes, and a wide mouth, which commonly disgust us, belong to an order of beauty, which we may not admire, but which we ought not to condemn, because in effect it is an order which has its rules, that we have no business to contradict.

“ Let the French despise flat noses and little eyes, and the Chinese esteem them; these are the caprices and extravagancies of the imagination. But upon our principles,

it appears, that there may be as many different orders of beauty as of architecture."

This mode of reasoning would have been very useful to Uncle Toby. He might have proved, that there ought to be flat noses as well as flat bastions.

We meet with this peculiar phraseology again, in a passage in the *Memoirs of La Porte*. In mentioning a conversation with Anne of Austria respecting the views which he suspected Mademoiselle de Montpensier to entertain of a marriage with Louis XIV. he says, " Je dis tout cela à la Reine, qui se mocqua de moi, me disant ; ce n'est pour son nez, quoiqu' il soit bien grand."*

Sterne's curious dilemma, by which a very large nose must fall off from the man, or the man must fall off from his nose, was anticipated by Tabarin, in whose dialogues more is said on the subject of noses than I care to repeat. " O qu' il le feroit beau voir sur la Montagne de Montmartre, avec un nez

* *Memoirs de la Porte*, p. 275.

de dix lieues de long, car on y void de fort loing. Il lui faudroit des fourches pour soustenir son nez."†

The French have lampooned long noses almost as much as the Greeks. Granger, in the *Pedant Joué*, is said to have a nose which always made its appearance a quarter of an hour before its owner : "cet autentique nez arrive partout un quart d'heure devant son maitre." And even D'Alembert, who united more good sense and good taste in his critical works than any other French writer, has published some curious details by d'Olivet concerning the nose of the Abbé Genest, which was the admiration of the courtiers, and the subject of royal wit.

"While the Abbé Genest was at Rome, he often dined with Cardinal d'Estrées, who was fond of poets, and who had himself written well in his youth. One day, when his Eminence had a great deal of company, there was a person at table, who, having a

* Questions Tabariniques.

very large nose, gave occasion to a man of humour,* one of the guests, to vent a number of witticisms, good or bad, on this monstrous nose, of which he pretended to be afraid. The Abbé Genest arrived, who merely looked in, and attempted to steal off, that he might not disturb the party : but the Cardinal recalled him, and desired him to take his seat. Then the *bel humoré* having considered this second apparition of a great nose, affected a greater degree of terror, and exclaimed to the Cardinal ; *Eminentissimo, per un, si puo soffrire, ma per duo no ;†* and throwing down his napkin, he disappeared with all speed.‡

We read, also, of Despointis, a Parisian counsellor, whose nose was so immoderately long, that it attracted the notice of passengers in the street, who would turn and gaze

* Un *bel humoré*.

† May it please your eminence, I could bear one, but it is impossible to endure two.

‡ Histoire des Membres de l'Academie Française, tom. iii, p. 454.

at it, to the hazard of their lives. The shadow of this nose happened one day to fall on a very little counsellor, named *Coqueley*, and eclipsed him so totally, that the judge could not perceive him when it was his turn to plead. *Coqueley* remonstrated, like *Ragotin*, but with as little effect; *Despointis* would not yield his place. The little hero, exasperated beyond all patience, seized the point of his antagonist's nose, and turning it aside, according to the laws of the lever, said, you may stay where you are, but I am determined that your nose shall make room for me.*

I have *La Rinomachie* or the Battle of Noses, a French poem, as long as *Bruscambille's* Prologue, but it contains nothing worthy of attention.

Great attention was paid to the form of the nose among the Roman Catholic clergy; some of the disqualifications for priest's orders were, little noses, because they implied ignorance; great noses, because the owner

* *L'Heureux Chanoine*. Paris, 1707.

was supposed to be puffed up with pride (as he well might, according to the doctrines of which I have given a view) and wry-noses, because they implied a perverseness of understanding.*

The passage quoted above from Vigneul-Marville coincides with the opinions of Mr. Lavater, who has shewed himself a zealous champion for the consequence of the nose, and for homogeneity of features.

This very ingenious, but too fanciful writer, has formed an indication of genius which I believe is entirely his own, from the degree of the returning angle which is formed by the junction of the nose with the upper lip. I doubt the justness of such arbitrary marks.

Mr. Lavater has been puzzled, I observe, to explain the expression of anxiety in Locke's portrait. It was certainly independent of that great man's character. He was subject to fits of asthma, and contract-

* Man of Sin, p. 76,

ed the appearance of distressful struggles from his sufferings in that disease. A medical observer would pronounce Locke to have been asthmatic, from the first view of his busts and prints. I believe, indeed, that almost every disease is characterized by a peculiar expression of the countenance, and that medical physiognomy might be cultivated with the highest benefit to mankind. Unfortunately, to treat of this art with success, an author must not only be an excellent physician, but a good painter.

I shall close my view of foreign writers on the philosophy of noses, with Riolan, who as a Frenchman and an anatomist felt a double interest in the discussion. "The nose," he informs us, "is the index of genius and understanding." He then repeats the story of the Persians, and adds from Plato, that it was the duty of the ennuchs, who attended the youths of the royal family, to form their noses elegantly, by keeping tubes in their nostrils. He adds, "In lege Moisaica Levitic. cap. xxi. qui naso pravo erant

præditi, judicati fuere indigni sacerdotio,
 proinde Venusino poetæ in arte poetica, vita
 displiceret, si deformem obtinuisset nasum :
 Non magis esse velim, quam pravo vivere naso,"
 &c.*

I have observed, that our language is rather deficient in allusions to this organ, especially respecting its varieties, either of length or curtailment. Dunton, indeed, says, that judge Jeffreys had a *nose* fit for the great service of destroying schismatics, "for he told the grand jury at Taunton, that he could smell a Presbyterian forty miles."† And Dr. Johnson called sagacity the *nose* of the mind.‡ But a later attempt has been made, to detect this figure in the very rudiments of our language, by the ingenious Dr. Beddoes. "We have," says he, "a remarkable class of *noun-substantives*, as they are called by the grammarian; though ac-

* Anthropographia, p. 213. It is needless to observe how much Riolan has mistaken the sense of Horace in this passage.

† Panegyric on Jeffreys.

‡ Boswell's Life of Johnson, vol. iii. p. 599.

cording to the metaphysician, they cannot stand by themselves, but are supported by substances. The words I mean are *goodness*, *great-ness*, and their fellows. We have similar words ending in head. *Onhed*, in old English, is *unity* (*one head*). It will not, I presume, be denied, that head (*caput*) is here used in composition. Now, in the other case, I suspect, that it is part of the head which is used; the nose, *ness*, *nez*, French. Both words have been indifferently employed to mark the points of land that are or have been conspicuous. Will not this geographical analogy be admitted as a strong confirmation of my opinion? If *ness* be any part of the body, what part else can we imagine it to be, whether we regard sound or situation? There exists an etymological as truly as a moral sense; and those who have *acquired* the former, will feel by how very natural a transition two such eminent members of the body natural, as the head and nose, came to denote abstract qualities.”*

* Monthly Magazine, for July, 1796.

What a blaze of light (to use the favourite modern trope) do these observations throw on Mr. Shandy's hypothesis: and how triumphantly would he have opened to Uncle Toby the mystery of *littleness* (*little nose*), and of *meanness* (*mean nose*), of *rashness* (*rash nose*), whence we talk of a man's thrusting his nose into matters which do not concern him; and of many other knotty and perplexing terms and phrases! All this might be done with a tolerable portion of leisure and application; for I suspect that the *etymological sense* is very similar to the sense required for playing at whist, driving four in hand, or adjusting with philosophical precision the angle of incidence of a tennis-ball.

It is easy to account for the mystery in which Sterne has involved this subject, from the preceding extracts. He had obtained a glimpse of the physiognomic doctrines respecting the nose, but he was ignorant of the general systems which had prevailed concerning the art itself. He does not appear

to have been acquainted even with the work of Baptista Porta. To have completed Mr. Shandy's character, he ought to have been a professed physiognomist. Slawkenbergius's treatise would then have taken form and substance, and Sterne would have written one of the most interesting and amusing books that ever appeared.

Perhaps no man possessed so many requisites for producing a good work on physiognomy. His observation of characters was sagacious, minutely accurate, and unwearied. His feeling was ever just, versatile as life itself, and was conveyed to the reader with full effect, because without affectation. But his imagination was ill-regulated, and it had a constant tendency to form combinations on this particular subject, which his taste alone, to say nothing of other motives, should have led him to reject.

I shall conclude this chapter, with a curious question relating to the dignity of the nose. The common-point of honour is sufficiently known. Segar, in his *Honour Mi-*

litarie & Civil, p. 127, puts this case respecting duels; "Two gentlemen being in fight, the one putteth out the eye of his enemy, and hee in requitall of that hurt cutteth off his nose: the question is, who is by those hurts most dishonoured? It may seem at the first sight, that losse of an eye is greatest, being a member placed above, and that without the sight a man prooveth unfit for all worldly actions: yet for so much as the want of a nose is commonly accompted the greatest deformitie, and a punishment due for infamous offences, it may be reasonably inferred, that the losse of that feature should bring with it most dishonour. Besides that, seeing man is made according to the image of God, we account that the face being made more deformed by the losse of the nose than of one eye, therefore the greatest honour of the combat is due unto him who taketh the nose of the enemy."

CHAPTER V.

Uncle Toby's hobby-horse—Amours—Story of Sorlisi.

St. Augustine has said very justly, in his Confessions, that the trifling of adults is called business: *majorum nugæ negotia vocantur*. The present times are peculiarly indulgent in this respect. What the last age denominated follies, or hobby-horses, we style *collections*: Uncle Toby's library would have required no apology among the hunters of old ballads, and church-wardens' bills of our day. I am sensible that a much better defence might be made for him: it would be easy to prove the utility of his studies, and to shew, not only that the fate

of empires has sometimes depended on the construction of the retired flank of a bastion, but that without some portion of his knowledge, it is impossible to understand completely some of the most interesting passages in modern history. But I am aware that this "sweet fountain of knowledge," as Sterne names it, is relished by few: it is "*caviar*" to the generality of readers. They will probably feel more interest in the curious coincidence between the story of Widow Wadman, and one which made a great noise in Germany, a little after the middle of the last century. The origin of the lady's distress was nearly the same, but her conduct was very different from Sterne's heroine, and did the highest honour to her purity. The misadventure of the gentleman happened only thirty-six years before the siege of Namur by King William, where Sterne laid the scene of Uncle Toby's wound. The distresses of this pair, who may be almost termed the Abelard and Heloïse of Germany (saving

that they prosecuted their affections with the strictest virtue, *en tout bien et en tout honneur*) deserve to be more generally known. Their history has been confined to an obscure book,* and has never yet found its way into our language: I shall therefore venture to make a sketch of it.

My readers may perhaps recollect, that Charles x. of Sweden invaded Denmark, in 1659; that after passing the Sound, and taking the castle of Cronenburg, he laid siege to Copenhagen; where he lost so much time in preparing for a general assault, that the inhabitants, aided by the gallant exertions of the Dutch cannoneers, recovered sufficient spirits to repulse him; and that the Swedes, after raising the siege, were attacked and defeated in the Isle of Fühnen, where the remaining part of their army was obliged to surrender at discretion.

* Valentini's *Novellæ Medico-legales*; under the title of *Conjugium Eunuchi*. An entertaining selection might be made from this book.

In the battle of Fühnen, which cost the Swedes upwards of two thousand men, besides several general officers, Bartholomew de Sorlisi, a young nobleman in Charles's service, had the misfortune to receive a musket shot of the most cruel nature. He was speedily cured, and was enabled, by the fidelity of his surgeon, to conceal the consequences of his wound. Disgusted by this accident with the army, he retired to an estate which he had purchased in Pomerania, where he endeavoured to bury his melancholy in the occupations of a country-life. But in the course of time, the desire of society returned, and having frequent occasions to consult an old nobleman in the neighbourhood, respecting the management of his estate, he insensibly contracted an intimacy with the family, which consisted of his friend's wife and daughter. Dorothea Elizabeth Lichtwer, then a beautiful girl of sixteen, inspired Sorlisi with so ardent a passion, that he attempted every method to engage her affec-

tions, without allowing himself to consider the injustice of his pretensions. His assiduities were crowned with success; he found his attachment repaid, and soon gained such an interest in his mistress's heart, that he demanded her in marriage. As he had become a favourite with the whole family, his proposals were readily accepted; and if he could have suppressed his secret consciousness, happiness and joy would have appeared to court him.

Unfortunately, his alliance was disagreeable to some of the lady's relations, for three excellent reasons: he was a stranger, a roman catholic, and his family had been but recently ennobled by Christina. These disqualifications, however, might have been surmounted, especially as Sorlisi, about this time, became known to the Elector of Saxony, who appointed him one of his chamberlains, but an unexpected piece of treachery put him into the hands of his enemies,

Sorlisi happened to consult the physician usually employed in the Lichtwer family,

and in the confidence which naturally arises between medical men and their patients, had disclosed to him the secret which preyed upon his mind. The officious doctor, forgetting not only his inaugural oath, but the obligations of honour and gratitude, betrayed his patient's confidence to the discontented part of the family, and furnished them with a tale capable of overwhelming the object of their hatred; especially as about this time, death deprived the lovers of a powerful friend in Mr. Lichtwer. Many men would have shrunk from the obloquy which was now let loose against Sorlisi, but he faced the storm gallantly; and by exposing his life in some duels at the onset, obtained an exemption from any farther private insults.

But the greatest trial of his firmness was yet behind; it was impossible longer to conceal the cause of all his vexations from his intended bride, and it became necessary for him to explain his real situation. What a painful confession for Sorlisi, desperately enamoured, and yet touched with the nicest

feelings of honour! What reproaches might he not expect from his mistress, when she discovered her affections to be fixed on a shadow; the fervent expectations of love and youth deceived; with the prospect of infamy and scorn clinging to her future connection. Could an inexperienced girl conquer such alarming obstacles to his pursuit? Sorlisi determined to try. How he managed this delicate communication; with what preparatives and softenings he introduced his melancholy narrative; and with what emotion he appealed to the generosity of the fair one, and the compassion of the matron, we are left to imagine. Madame de Lichtwer seemed inclined to give up the match; but the amiable Dorothea declared that no misfortune could affect her attachment, and that she was determined to pass her life with Sorlisi, under every disadvantage. So exalted a strain of tenderness could not fail to produce acquiescence and respect in the heart of a mother, and the lovers were soon after betrothed, in presence of

Madame de Lichtwer and a select party of friends.

To complete their marriage became a matter of difficulty, for several theologists had taken the alarm, and murmured so loudly against the proposed scandal, that in consequence of the machinations of their enemies, it was evident that every clergyman would be deterred from solemnizing the nuptials.

In this urgency, it was again necessary for Sorlisi to undergo the mortification of repeating his unhappy case. He drew it up in August, 1666, for the opinion of the Ecclesiastical Consistory at Leipsic, using the feigned names of Titius and Lucretia, and giving the best turn to the matter that it would bear. The Consistory, availing itself of a very considerate distinction,* gave

* *Ut taceamus, in hac persona virili non quidem talem impotentiam et inhabilitatem observari quæ generationis actum, ut scholastici loquuntur, sed generationis effectum tantum impedit. Conjug. Eunuchi, p. 109.*

a favourable answer; though they acknowledged, that the impossibility of having offspring was the only one out of eighteen reasons, which Luther admitted as a sufficient plea for divorce.

All that was now wanting, was a mandate from the Elector, to authorize the completion of the marriage; but as he thought proper to consult several theologists on the subject, nothing was decided till the succeeding year, when the mandate was granted, which imposed, at the same time, a discretionary fine upon Sorlisi, by way of quieting the tender consciences of those who opposed the match, for the honour of the Lutheran church.

The marriage ceremony was therefore, at length, privately performed at Sorlisi's country-house.

Here the malice of their enemies might have been expected to rest: but they returned to the attack with fresh fury, resolute to dissolve the union, or to embitter the lives of this persecuted pair. Their chaste at-

tachment was to be subjected to the coarse discussions, and abominable constructions of dull theologists, animated by party-zeal, and totally incapable of estimating the sentiments of a respectable woman; their names were to be coupled with scorn and reproach; and every effort of Teutonic eloquence was to be employed, to persuade them that they ought to find no satisfaction in living together.

The Supreme Ecclesiastical Consistory, which had hitherto taken no cognizance of the affair, now interposed, and demanded that the parties should be separated, to do away the great scandal which their union gave to the godly.

To take off the force of this formidable interference, Sorlisi had recourse to that method by which the papal bulls have been so often tamed. He offered to enlarge his fine to the extent of building a church, and providing a stipend for a preacher. The Consistory could not instantly retract, but this proposal certainly procured

time for digesting conciliatory measures. In the mean time, as Madame de Sorlisi protested that she would rather die than forsake her husband, her ghostly directors thought it very edifying to punish her contumacy, by refusing her the sacrament.

In a matter of so much consequence to the Protestant religion, as the union of two persons, who preferred each other's happiness to the scruples of their reverences, it was necessary to consult grave examples. That of our Henry VIII. seems to have occurred to all parties; it was therefore agreed to collect the opinions of the different theological faculties in Germany, of the Lutheran persuasion. My fair readers must excuse me from detailing the whole distinctions of those learned bodies; for it seems, that to counteract the practice of vice, they had thought it necessary to be completely masters of every vice in speculation.

The faculty of Hasse-Giessen professed great concern for the young lady, and ap-

prehended that her husband could not fail to torment her inexpressibly; quoting the famous passage from St. Basil, "*instar bovis cui cornua sunt abscissa, imaginem impetus facere, incredibilem vesaniam spirando.*" After much other reasoning on her unhappy situation, they concluded, that as the matrimonial ceremony had been profaned by this union, it was necessary to dissolve it immediately.

I apprehend, that the communication of the case must have operated in some very sudden and extraordinary manner on the faculty of Strasburg, so much agitation and wonder do they express on coming at the knowledge of such a scandal, which they say, "cannot be tolerated, or approved, or defended." While they wished to weep tears of blood over the indiscretion of those who had permitted this union (always saving his Electoral Highness) they could not avoid testifying the greatest horror against the lady's desire to live with her husband: it was, they said, a mortal sin.

So extreme was the agony and perturbation of the Strasburg doctors, that I could not help suspecting their consultation had been held in the most dangerous part of a hot autumn; but, on referring to the date, I find it took place in November, 1667.

Finally, they exclaimed that if the young couple persisted in their refusal to separate, they ought to be banished from a land of piety; and that severe punishments should be inflicted on Madame de Lichtwer, and those relations who had encouraged so damnable a connection.

The matter worked more gently with the faculty of Jena. They made some allowances for the strength of attachment which the parties displayed, and appeared to experience some faint touches of humanity. They thought, however, that as the only excusable motive which could induce Sorlisi to marry at all must be the desire of society, he would have acted more properly, if he had taken unto himself some quiet old woman to manage his family. And for divers

other reasons, which they reckoned very solid, it was their opinion that a separation should take place.

The faculty of Kænigsberg, proceeding on the principle, *volenti non fit injuria*, thought that great regard should be had to the contentment expressed by the lady, although they were not quite satisfied with the affair. They put a very subtle case, in which they imagined that even the Pope must permit an union of this kind: “*sc. si maritus quidam a barbaris castratur et abhinc mulieri suæ cohabitare et carnaliter, ut ante, se miscere voluerit.*” And upon the whole they concluded, that the marriage should be deemed valid, and the parties readmitted to all religious privileges.

I am most pleased with the decision of the faculty of Gripswald: they opined, that as the lady had got into the scrape with her eyes open, they might suffer her to take the consequences without danger to their own souls; and that as she had been encouraged by her mother and several friends in her at-

achment to Sorlisi, it did not quite amount to a mortal transgression.

While these huge bodies of divinity thundered forth their decrees, a shoal of small writers skirmished on both sides. The noise of the contest occupied the attention of all Dresden.

One Dr. Bulæus, on the part of the Sorlisis, proved in form, that there was nothing so very scandalous and alarming as had been represented, in their marriage. He shewed, with great modesty, that excepting the certain prospect of sterility, they had no peculiar cause of dissatisfaction, and that other matches, equally objectionable in that respect, were often concluded between persons of very unequal ages. He also shrewdly observed, that no small scandal had been given, by the singular discussions in which their reverences had indulged; discussions which he considered as snares for their consciences, and not highly edifying to the public.

An examination of this paper immediate-

"ad baculum, ad baculum quo prurium exstinguite!"

A milder adversary, moved by the largeness of the fine which Sorlisi had engaged to pay, doubted whether the parties, upon acknowledging the enormity of their offence, might not be suffered to live together as brother and sister, a concession which the unfortunate pair seem to have been at length willing to make. But upon setting aside the consideration of the money, and regarding the scandal and danger likely to accrue to the protestant church, from such an indulgence, he reluctantly decided in the negative.

After wearying the reader with this tedious detail, he will be glad, for more reasons than one, to learn, that in May, 1668, the Consistory of Leipsic declared that the marriage ought to be tolerated, and the parties to be freed from any father vexation or prosecution on that account. At the same time, the Elector, to prevent the growth of scandal, ordered that this case should not


be considered as a precedent, and that no future indulgence of the same kind should be permitted.

CHAPTER VI.

*Mr. Shandy's hypothesis of Christian names
—Miscellaneous illustrations—Conclusion.*

I think it is D'Aubigné who mentions a fact, wrought up by Sterne into a chapter, that the States of Switzerland proposed the name of Abednego to be given to one of the children of Henry 11. of France. Sterne transferred the story, with his usual carelessness, to Francis 1. Burton certainly should have added to the happiness of being well-born, that of being well-named; and this superstition has been so common among the learned, that I wonder how it escaped him.

In the general theory respecting Christian names, I am persuaded that Sterne had in



view Montaigne's *Essay des Noms*. "Chaque nation," says Montaigne, "à quelques noms qui se prennent, je ne sçai comment, en mauvaise part ; et a nous, Jean, Guillaume, Benoist." Mr. Shandy has passed a similar condemnation on some English names, to which vulgar prejudices are attached. I am surprised that Sterne should have withheld a story which Montaigne has told, in support of this fancy. He mentions a young man, who was reclaimed from a very dissolute course of life, by discovering that the name of a prostitute whom he went to visit, was Mary. His reformation was so exemplary, that a chapel was built on the spot where his house had stood, and on the same ground was afterwards erected the church of our lady of Poitiers. "Cette correction," says he, "voyelle et auriculaire, devotieuse, tira droit a l'ame:" it was indeed a *palpable hit*.

"A gentleman, my neighbour," proceeds the venerable Gascon, "preferring the manners of old times to ours, did not forget to

boast of the proud and magnificent names of the ancient nobility, such as Don Grumedan, Don Quedragan, Don Agesilan, or to say that on hearing them pronounced, he felt that they must be a different kind of people from Peter, Giles, and Jacob.

Another passage contains, I suspect, a stroke of satire against the Huguenots, where he compliments them on their subduing the old names of Charles, Louis, and Francis, and peopling the world with Methusalems, Ezeziels, and Malachis.

It is curious enough, that St. Pierre, a late writer, should adopt,* and treat largely of this hypothesis, without referring either to Montaigne or to Sterne.

Pasquier wrote a whole chapter, in his *Recherches sur la France*, on the fortune attendant on particular names, allotted to the French monarchs; but Morhoff, who treats gravely of the fatality of Christian names, goes much farther, and asserts, that the evil

* In the *Etudes de la Nature*, tom. iii.

influence of the original name may be corrected by assuming another. "Notarunt nonnulli infaustorum nominum impostione fortunam hominum labefactari, *eorum immutatione quoque immutari.*"* This would have been a good quotation for Mr. Shandy, at the Visitation.

On one occasion, Sterne has pressed a name into this service to which he had no right. "But who the duce has got laid down here beside her? quoth my father, pointing with his cane to a large tomb—as he walked on—It is St. Optat, sir, answered the sacristan—And properly is St. Optat placed! said my father: and what is St. Optat's story? continued he. St. Optat, replied the sacristan, was a bishop. I thought so, by heaven! cried my father, interrupting him—St. Optat! how should St. Optat fail?"† Unluckily for all this good raillery, the saint's name was *Optatus*, which

* Morhoff. Polyhistor. tom. i. p. 116, § 6.

† Tristram Shandy, vol. viii. chap. 27.

is quite a different affair, unless the world should be disposed to admit the sincerity of the *nolo episcopari*. If Sterne had looked into Pasquier, he might have found other promising names, such as St. Opportune, St. Pretextat, and several others; Machiavel too informs us, that the first pope who altered his name was Ospurcus; he changed it to Sergius, from his dislike of the former; but indeed all these curiosities are, as Diogenes said on another subject, μεγάλα θαύματα μωροῖς, great marvels for fools.

In the present state of knowledge, it would be unpardonable to omit a remark, with which an author like Sterne would make himself very merry. It relates to the passage, in which Mr. Shandy treats the name of TRISTRAM with such indignity, and demands of his supposed adversary, “Whether he had ever remembered,—whether he had ever read,—or whether he had ever heard tell of a man, called Tristram, performing any thing great or worth recording?—No,—he would say,—TRISTRAM!—The thing

is impossible!" A student of the fashionable black-letter erudition would have triumphed, in proclaiming the redoubted Sir Tristram, Knight of the Round-table, and one of the most famous knights-errant upon record. Sterne might have replied:

Non scribit, cujus Carmina nemo legit ;*

and indeed his pleasant hero has no resemblance to the *preux chevalier*.

I have a few observations to add, which are quite unconnected with each other. Sterne truly resembled Shakespeare's Biron, in the extent of his depredations from other writers, for the supply of Tristram :

His eye begot occasion for his wit :
For ev'ry object that the one did catch,
The other turn'd to a mirth-moving jest.

Burton furnished the grand magazine, but many other books, which fell incidentally into his hands, were laid under contribution.

* Martial, lib. ii.

I am sorry to deprive Sterne of the following pretty figure, but justice must be done to every one.

“ In short, my father——advanced so very slowly with his work, and I began to live and get forward at such a rate, that if an event had not happened—&c. I verily believe I had put by my father, and left him drawing a sun-dial, for no better purpose than to be buried under ground.”*

Donne concludes his poem entitled *The Will*, with this very thought:

And all your graces no more use shall have
Than a sun-dial in a grave.

I have said that Sterne took the hint of his marbled pages either from Swift, or the author of *Gabriel John, quisquis fuit ille*. There is no great merit in his mourning pages for Yorick, which are little superior, in point of invention, to the black borders of

* Tris. Shandy, vol. v. chap. 16.

a hawker's elegy, yet even here an original genius has anticipated him.

Every one knows the black pages in *Tristram Shandy*; that of prior date is to be found in Dr. Fludd's *Utriusque cosmi Historia*,* and is emblematic of the chaos. Fludd was a man of extensive erudition, and considerable observation, but his fancy, naturally vigorous, was fermented and depraved, by astrological and cabbalistic reseaches. It will afford a proof of his strange fancies, and at the same time do away all suspicion of Sterne in this instance, to quote the ludicrous coincidence mentioned by Morhoff, between himself and this author. "Cogitandi modum in nobis et speculationes illas rationum, mirificè quodam in loco, videlicet in libro *de mystica cerebri anatome* [Fluddius] ob oculos ponit. Solent ab anatomicis illic delineari genitalia membra, utriusque sexus, quod processus quidam et sinus, eum in modum figurati sunt. Hic Fluddius invenit,

* Page 26.

non quod pueri in faba, illic dicit generari cogitationes; quod mihi mirum visum est, cum ego aliquando joculari carmen *de ent rationis* scriberem, et, ferente ita genio carminis, joci gratia finxissem, illic generari entia rationis, postea cum incidi in istud Fluddii, quod ne somniando quidem cogitaveram, invenisse me, serio hæc asseri a Fluddio.”*

I am not acquainted with the foundation of the curious passages respecting the possibility of baptizing infants *in utero*,† but I find that Mauriceau adverts to the circumstance, in his attack on the Cæsarian operation: “il n’y a pas d’occasions ou on ne puisse bien donner le Baptême à l’enfant, durant qu’il est encore au ventre de la mere, étant facile de porter de l’eau nette par le moyen du canon d’une seringue jusques sur quelque partie de son corps”—He then obviates a difficulty unthought of by Sterne’s doctors; which persuades me that this passage of

* Morhoff. Polyhist. Philos. lib. ii. p. 1, cap. 15.

† Tristram Shandy, vol. i. chap. xx.

Mauriceau had not occurred to him—"et il seroit inutile d'alleguer que l'eau n'y peut pas etre conduite, à cause que l'enfant est envelopé de ses membranes, qui en empêchent; car ne sçait-on pas qu'on les peut rompre très aisément, en cas qu'elles ne le fussent pas, apres quoi on peut toucher effectivement son corps."*

This writer has also mentioned the mischievous effect of strong pressure, applied to the heads of very young children; which is connected with another theory that Sterne has diverted himself with. I have not met with the original of it in my reading, but will give a passage from Bulwer's *Anthropometamorphosis*, analogous to Mauriceau's.†

* Mauric. *Maladies des Femmes Grosses*, p. 347 (edit. 3me. 4to. 1681.)

† I knew a gentleman who had divers sons, and the midwives and nurses with headbands and strokings had so altered the natural mould of their heads, that they proved children of a very weak understanding. His last son only, upon advice given him, had no restraint imposed upon the na-

There is one passage in the seventh volume, which the circumstances of Sterne's death render pathetic. A believer in the doctrine of pre-sentiment would think it a prop to his theory. It is as striking as Swift's digression on madness, in the Tale of a Tub.

“ Was I in a condition to stipulate with Death—I should certainly declare against submitting to it before my friends ; and therefore I never seriously think upon the mode and manner of this great catastrophe, which generally takes up and torments my thoughts as much as the catastrophe itself, but I constantly draw the curtain across it with this wish, that the Disposer of all things may so order it, that it happen not to me in my own house—but rather in some decent inn—

tural growth of his head, but was left free from the coercive power of headbands and other artificial violence, whose head, although it were bigger, yet he had more wit and understanding than them all.

Artificial Changeling. p. 42.



At home,—I know it,—the concern of my friends, and the last services of wiping my brows and smoothing my pillow, will so crucify my soul, that I shall die of a distemper which my physician is not aware of: but in an inn, the few cold offices I wanted, would be purchased with a few guineas, and paid me with an undisturbed but punctual attention." It is known that Sterne died in hired lodgings, and I have been told, that his attendants robbed him even of his gold sleeve-buttons, while he was expiring.

Yet a paragraph in Burnet's History of his own Times has been pointed out, in a periodical work,* from which both the sentiments and expressions of Sterne, in this passage, were certainly taken. This appears to me one of the most curious detections of his imitations; but I shall not be surprised if many others, equally unexpected, should be noticed hereafter. The extract from Burnet follows:

* Gentleman's Magazine, for June, 1798, under the signature of R. F.

“ He [Archbishop Leighton] used often to say, that if he were to choose a place to die in, it should be an inn; it looking like a pilgrim’s going home, to whom this world was all as an inn, and who was weary of the noise and confusion in it. He added, that the officious tenderness and care of friends was an entanglement to a dying man; and that the unconcerned attendance of those that could be procured in such a place would give less disturbance.”*

Sterne has amused himself with a panegyric on the literary benefits of shaving: “ I maintain it, the conceits of a rough-bearded man are seven years more terse and juvenile for one single operation; and if they did not run a risk of being shaved quite away, might be carried up, by continual shavings, to the very highest pitch of sublimity.”† It is an honour to think like great men; upon this occasion, I must in-

* Vol. ii. p. 259, 8vo.

† Tristram Shandy, vol. ix. chap. 13.

troduce Sterne to no less a personage than the Macedonian hero. Before one of Alexander's battles, Parmenio presented himself, to give an account of his arrangements, and to enquire whether any thing remained to be done: nothing, said Alexander, but that the men should shave. SHAVE! cried Parmenio: yes, replied the prince; do you not consider what a handle a long beard affords to the enemy?*

Peter 1. of Russia gave the clearest proof that he reckoned the custom of shaving essential to the progress of civilization: it is pity that Sterne did not quote this convincing *historical example*. Horace, too, seems to have thought that his philosopher would have reasoned better without his beard:

——Di te, Damasippe, Deæque
Verum, ob consilium donent tonsore.

The plan of the Sentimental Journey

* Barbat. de Barbigenio, in Dornavius's *Amphitheatrum Sapientiæ*.

seems to have been taken from the little French pieces, which have had such celebrity; the *Voyage* of Chapelle and Bachaumont, and the *Voyage* of Fontaine; the merit of which consists in making trifles considerable. The only material difference between Sterne's pleasant fragment and these, consists in the want of verse. The French sentimental tours are enlivened by rhymes of great variety, and Sterne would perhaps have imitated them in this respect, if he could have written poetry.

There is one French writer, whom Sterne seems to have imitated; it is Marivaux, whose style, according to D'Alembert, is much more popular in England than in his own country. From him and Crebillon, I think, Sterne learnt to practise what Quintilian had made a precept: *Minus est TOTUM dicere quam OMNIA*. With genius enough for the attempt, one has frequently failed in producing pleasure by the length of his digressions, and the other by affecting an excessive refinement and ambiguity in his language.

Les bons écrivains du siècle de Louis XIV. says Voltaire, ont eu de la force, aujourd'hui on cherche de contorsions. Our own writers are not free from this error; and it would not be unworthy their consideration, that a sentence, which is so much refined as to admit of several different senses, may perhaps have no direct claim to any sense.* Sterne has seldom indulged these lapses, for which he was probably indebted to the buoyant force of Burton's firm Old-English sinews.

Whoever will take the trouble of comparing Sterne's Dialogue with his own feelings, in the Sentimental Journey,† to that of Ja-

* Maynard puts this very well :

Mon ami, chasse bien loin
Cette noire rhétorique,
Tes ouvrages ont besoin
D'un devin qui les explique.
Si ton esprit veut cacher
Les belles choses qu'il pense,
Dis-moi, qui peut t'empêcher
De te servir du silence ?

† Compare also the first Conversation with

cob with his Avarice and his Honour, in the first part of the *Paysan Parvenu*, will perceive a near resemblance. It would be cruel to insert the French declamation. A shorter passage from the same work will shew that the Shandean manner is very similar to that of Marivaux.

Le Directeur avoit laissé parler l'ainé sans l'interrompre, & sembloit même un peu piqué de l'obstination de l'autre.

Prenant pourtant un air tranquille et benin : ma chère Demoiselle, écoutez moi, dit il à cette cadette; vous savez avec quelle affection particulière je vous donne mes conseils à toutes deux.

Ces derniers paroles, à toutes deux, furent partagées, de façon que la Cadette en avoit pour le moins les trois quarts & demi pour

Me. Freval, in the *Paysan Parvenu*, with a scene in the *Sentimental Journey*. Bayle, too, furnished Sterne with some hints, which Mr. Jackson of Exeter has noticed, in his *Four Ages*. The preceding part of this book was printed, before I saw Mr. Jackson's work.

elle, et ce ne fut meme que par reflection subite, qu'il en donna le reste à l'ainée.*

I have thus put the reader in possession of every observation respecting this agreeable author,† which it would be important or proper to communicate. If his opinion of Sterne's learning and originality be lessened by the perusal, he must, at least, admire the dexterity and the good taste with which he has incorporated in his work so many passages, written with very different views by their respective authors. It was evidently Sterne's purpose to make a pleasant, saleable book, *coute que coute*; and after taking his general plan from some of the older French writers, and from Burton, he

* Paysan Parvenu, partie 2me.

† I have seen some anecdotes of Sterne, in the European Magazine, in which Madame de L—— mentioned in the Sentimental Journey, was said to be Madame de Lamberti, and the Count de B——, the Count de Bretueil; upon what authority I do not know.

made prize of all the good thoughts that came in his way.

Voltaire has compared the merits of Rabelais and Sterne, as satirists of the abuse of learning, and, I think, has done neither of them justice. This great distinction is obvious; that Rabelais derided absurdities then existing in full force, and intermingled much sterling sense with the grossest parts of his book; Sterne, on the contrary, laughs at many exploded opinions, and forsaken fooleries, and contrives to degrade some of his most solemn passages by a vicious levity. Rabelais flew a higher pitch, too, than Sterne. Great part of the voyage to the *Pays de Lanternois*,* which so severely stigmatizes the vices of the Romish clergy of that age, was performed in more hazard of fire than water.

* I do not recollect to have seen it observed by Rabelais's Commentators, that this name, as well as the plan of the Satire, is imitated from Lucian's *True History*. Lucian's town is called *Lychnopolis*,

The follies of the learned may as justly be corrected, as the vices of hypocrites; but for the former, ridicule is a sufficient punishment. Ridicule is even more effectual to this purpose, as well as more agreeable than scurrility, which is generally preferred, notwithstanding, by the learned themselves in their contests, because anger seizes the readiest weapons;

Jamque faces et saxa volant; furor arma ministrat.

And where a little extraordinary power has accidentally been lodged in the hands of disputants, they have not scrupled to employ the most cogent methods of convincing their adversaries. Dionysius the younger sent those critics who disliked his verses, to work in the quarries;* and there was a pleasant tyrant, mentioned by Horace, who obliged his deficient debtors to hear him read his own compositions, *amaras historias*, by way of commutation. I say nothing of the

* Plutarch,

“ holy faith of pike and gun,” nor of the strong cudgel with which Luther terminated a theological dispute, as I desire to avoid religious controversy. But it is impossible, on this subject, to forget the once-celebrated Dempster, the last of the formidable sect of Hoplomachists, who fought every day, at his school in Paris, either with sword or fist, in defence of his doctrines in omni scibili.* The imprisonment of Galileo, and the example of Jordano Bruno, burnt alive for asserting the plurality of worlds,† among other disgraceful instances, shew that laughter is the best crisis of an ardent disputation.

The talents for so delicate an office as that of a literary censor, are too great and numerous to be often assembled in one person. Rabelais wanted decency, Sterne

* Jan. Nic. Erythræ. Pinacothec.

† Brucker. His. Critic. Philosoph. tom. v. p. 28, 29. The famous Scioppius published a shocking letter of exultation on this execution.

learning, and Voltaire fidelity. Lucian alone supported the character properly, in those pieces which appear to be justly ascribed to him. As the narrowness of party yet infests philosophy, a writer with his qualifications would still do good service in the cause of truth. For wit and good sense united, as in him they eminently were, can attack nothing successfully which ought not to be demolished.

ADDITIONAL NOTES

to the

ILLUSTRATIONS OF STERNE.

Note I. page 10:

The following extract from the *Pieces Intéressantes et peu connues*, p. 196, may serve in place of a whole history.

“ Il y a un fait assez curieux, très-sur et peu connu, au sujet du collier de l'ordre du S. Esprit: la dévotion s'allioit autrefois avec le plus grand débordement des mœurs, et la mode n'en est pas absolument passée:

Le motif public de Henri III. en instituant l'ordre du Saint-Esprit, fut la defense de la catholicité, par une association de seigneurs qui ambitionneroient d'y entrer:

Le vœu secret fut d'en faire hommage à sa sœur Marguerite de Valois, qu'il aimoit plus que fraternellement.

Le S. Esprit est le symbole de l'amour: les or-

nemens du collier étoient les Monogrammes de Marguerite et de Henri, séparés alternativement par un autre Monogramme symbolique, composé d'un ϕ *phi* et d'un δ *delta* joints ensemble; ϕ , auquel on faisoit signifier *fidelta* pour *fidelta* en Italien, et *fidélité* en François. Henri iv. instruit de ce mystere, changea le collier par délibération au chapitre, du 7 Janvier 1597, & remplaça par deux trophées d'armes, le ϕ et le Monogramme de Marguerite. J'en ai vu les preuves non suspectes."

Duclos, who was the collector of these curious anecdotes, is very high authority. But the truth of this fact appears from other proof. In SEGAR'S *Honor Militarie & Civil*, published in 1602, is a full-length portrait of Henry iv. in the habit of the order, and the mysterious symbols appear most distinctly, not only on the collar, but embroidered, of a very large size, round the robe.

Note II. page 52.

Eachard's works are now in the hands of few persons. It will be interesting however to his admirers, to mention, that a complete outline of the *Grounds and Causes of the Contempt of the Clergy* may be found in Burton, in the section entitled, *Study a Cause of Melancholy*, from p. 81 to 87.

Note III. page 70.

The French translator of Tristram Shandy, who

knew nothing of Burton, confesses himself strangely puzzled with the fragment on Whiskers. "*Vainement il a voulu éclaircir ce chapitre par des recherches historiques ; le seul fruit de ses peines a été de trouver que Mlles. Rebours et la Fosseuse sont citées dans plusieurs livres, et notamment dans les mémoires de Marguerite de Valois, comme maîtresses de Henri IV. Quant au Guiol, Maronette, Battarelle, &c. &c. le hasard les lui a offert dans la nombreuse liste des témoins entendus au procès de Girard & la Cadiere.*"

It would have diverted Sterne extremely, to have seen a Frenchman seeking to illustrate his lucubrations by *historical researches*.

Rebours is mentioned by Brantome. The source of the other names pointed out by the translator is sufficiently probable.

Note IV. page 82.

I have mentioned, in another work, the practice once general on the continent, of destroying dying persons, by violently pulling away the pillows from beneath their heads. There is a treatise on this subject preserved by Valentini, written with a degree of pomp and affectation, which equally defies a serious perusal, and the power of burlesque. The author first disputes concerning the definition of a pillow ; and after a great deal of erudition, gives the following: *Est aliquid sup-*

positum capiti nostro sublevandi gratia adinventum. In the next section comes the etymology, lest the reader should still be uncertain concerning the meaning of the word *pillow*. Here *pulvinar* is very naturally deduced from *polula*, a foot-ball, and it follows, like a chain, that *polula* comes from *bulbus*, a root. We may apply the French epigram to this sort of derivation :

*Alfana vient d' Equus, sans doute ;
Mais il faut avouer aussi,
Qu' en venant de la jusqu' ici
Il à bien changé sur la route.*

As if all this precision were not sufficient, another definition follows, of the *component matter* of a pillow.

Hoc est pulvinar, seu lectus capitis brevior, hoc est omne id quod ad ejus elevationem et erectionem adhibetur, sive ex plumis vel stramentis constet, aut alia commoda pro personæ ac loci conditione materia. The author concludes with this severe commination against these pillow-jerkers: *quod dum ita contra conscientiam rectam, Deique ac legum voluntatem, agant, se privent animi tranquillitate, simulque peccatis exponant gravissimis, unde Deum scelerum horum vindicem severum habeant metuendum. Id ergo ne fiat, cavenda hæc sollicité omnibus est cervicalium subductio, ut per se illicita et injusta, &c.*

*Note V.**Bruscambille's Prologue on Noses.*

Or Messieurs, puisque nous sommes sur la matière des nez, ne laissons pas un beau champ sans le cultiver : le proverbe si commun en France de dire voilà qui n'a pas de nez nous y servira beaucoup ; c'est une manière de parler commune à tout le monde, & dont on se sert fréquemment ; je vous prends vous mêmes à témoins, Messieurs, n'est-il pas vrai que quand on veut mépriser quelque chose on se sert ordinairement de ce proverbe ; si par exemple un homme comme moi qui ne suis pas des plus habiles en tout genre, hazarde parmi le public quelque œuvre ou discours imparfait comme celui que j'ai présentement en bouche, ne dira-t-on pas en le méprisant, voilà qui n'a point de nez.

On en pourra dire autant d'un peintre, d'un orfèvre, de l'auteur d'un pitoyable livre, & généralement de toute sorte de choses qui ne seroit pas dans le goût des Messieurs qui se qualifient du nez fin ; de manière qu'à leur sentiment tout ce qui n'a point de nez est méprisable & ne mérite pas de voir le jour. Et c'est la raison pourquoi l'on cache ordinairement le cul comme étant un visage qui n'a point de nez ; & au contraire la face est toujours découverte à cause qu'il y a dans le milieu un nez ; un homme sans nez est rejeté des

femmes. Le phisionomiste Albert le grand, aussi-bien que le sçavant Trismegiste, disent que les femmes estiment les grands nez nobles & de bonne race, les médiocres de contentement & les petits de bon appetit. Souvent les grands arbres plantez en bonne terre fructifient noblement.

Sçavez-vous, Messieurs, pourquoi le sexe féminin n'est pas si bien pourvû de nez que le masculin ? L'on tient & l'on assure que c'est à cause du peu d'état que la curieuse Pandore fit de l'Ordonnance de Jupiter, lequel lui ayant baillé la boëte où étoient renfermez tous les malheurs & infortunes, avec défense expresse de l'ouvrir, cette misérable curieuse fût si fort tentée, que Jupiter n'eût pas plutôt le cul tourné, qu'elle eût le nez dedans : je vois que vous riez de cette expression, Messieurs, ne vous imaginez pas que je veuille dire que Pandore eût mis le nez dans le cul de Jupiter, aussitôt qu'il s'en fut allé, cette expression équivoque tombe sur la boëte fatale dans laquelle sa curiosité la porta à y mettre son nez, c'est-à-dire, à y regarder contre la défense de Jupiter. De quoi cette divinité étant indignée, permit que les malheurs, disgraces & infortunes renfermez dans cette boëte, se répandissent impitoyablement sur la terre : et voilà un échantillon de l'obligation que nous avons aux femmes qui veulent fourrer leur nez par tout.

Je n'entreprend point de faire ici une ample

description des differens nez avec les proprietez singulieres qui leur sont annexées, j'en dirois peut être trop des grands nez au préjudice des nez médiocres, des petits nez, des nez cornus, des nez plats & autres de toute sorte d'espece, je me contente de dire que les grands nez ont beaucoup d'avantage sur les petits pour les odeurs dont ils sont l'organe naturel, d'autant que par leur capacité plus étendue ils peuvent recevoir plus de vapeurs odoriférentes & que celles qui montent de bas en haut leur peuvent moins échapper qu'aux petits nez : en un mot, Messieurs, si c'est quelque chose de beau, de bon, de louable, d'avantageux en tout genre d'avoir du nez, il le doit être encore plus d'avoir du grand nez : un homme qui a du nez sent toutes choses, celui qui n'a point de nez ne se sent pas soi-même ; le nez discerne les senteurs comme l'œil les couleurs, l'aveugle peut juger des senteurs, & les vents du Pais-Bas qui soufflent à la sourdine dans ses chausses sont découvertes par l'expérience de son nez. Je finis, Messieurs, en vous disant que si j'avois un pied de nez davantage, je ferois un discours qui auroit plus de nez ; & je crains que quelque médisant ne vienne ici critiquer sur ce mien verbiage & ne publie à mon deshonneur & au vôtre, que vous êtes des idiots de vous laisser ainsi mener par le nez.

**OF CERTAIN
VARIETIES OF MAN,**
described by Authors.

~~—————~~who reads
Incessantly, and to his reading brings not
A spirit and judgment equal or superior,
(And what he brings, what need he elsewhere
seek ?)
Uncertain and unsettled still remains,
Deep vers'd in books and shallow in himself.
MILTON.

OF CERTAIN VARIETIES OF MAN.

In the various fortunes of opinions, it may be observed, that when a tenet happens to be refuted, after having gained for a time implicit belief, every one begins to wonder that it should have acquired any credit. This is the progress of what has been called philosophical truth, than which nothing is more absolute during its reign, and nothing but life more transitory in its duration. There is this great difference between the extinction of opinions and that of men, that the former lose their characters with their existence, while the latter generally encrease their estimation by

dying; for excepting an epitaph on the *Pineal Gland*, which was written after physiologists had degraded it from the seat of the soul, I recollect no example of gratitude to a decayed theory.

Every age cherishes its favourite errors, which serve to divert the succeeding generation. We ridicule our predecessors for their belief in the fiery sphere of Aristotle, or the vortices of Descartes, without reflecting, that some of our present opinions may afford equal subject of derision to posterity. Why does the history of opinions contain such a list of errors and falsehoods, but because men have so long mistaken their conjectures concerning facts, for facts themselves?

Much of this evil has certainly proceeded from undue deference to authorities. Authors have believed assertions without enquiry; and might well be expected to assign ridiculous causes, when they engaged to account for events that never existed.

I have been led into this train of reflec-

tion, by trying to discover the true foundations, on which the existence of some monstrous varieties of our species has been supposed. Every philosophical reader is acquainted with the theory of Lord Monboddo on this subject, on which Mr. Tooke has bestowed such masterly satire, that we may justly apply to the author of the ΕΠΕΑ ΠΤΕΡΟΕΥΝΤΑ, what Milton has said of Tasso, in his *Mansus*, though in a different sense;

—æternis inscripsit nomina chartis,

I expected to have found the clue to this romance of philosophy, in Linnæus's *Systema Naturæ*, because he has mentioned, under the genus, *Homo*, the varieties of the *Homo Troglodytes*, or pygmy, and the *Homo Caudatus*, the man with a tail (Lord Monboddo's patriarch); but the greater number of authorities has occurred to me in casual reading.

Homer is the first author who mentions the pygmies, and is cited as the chief of the opinion, by all writers on this subject. The

Trojans, says he, moved on to battle with shouts and acclamations, like the noise of the cranes, when they fly screaming over the ocean, bearing slaughter and death to the pygmies :

Ὅτι περ κλαγγὴν ἡρώων πτελοῖ σπασθεὶς περ,
 Αἰτ' ἐπὶ ἐν χιιμῶνα θυγόν καὶ ἀθροφάτων οὐμίστραν,
 Κλαγγὴ ταιγὲ πιτόνται, ἐπ' Ὀκλανοιο ροσάν,
 Ἀνδράσι Πυγμαίοισι φόνον καὶ κῆρα φέρουσαι.*

Aristotle delivers their history as an indubitable truth. “ It is not fabulous, but certain, that a diminutive race of men, and it is said of horses, exists; living in caverns, whence they take the name of Troglodytes. They fight with cranes.”†

But it was not enough with the older naturalists, to shorten a whole nation to three spans, or to oblige men

—————per Arenas

Caudarum longos sinuatim ducere tractus; .

but the species was tortured into more fan-

* Iliad, r.

† Histor. Animal. lib, viii. cap. xii.

tastic shapes than are to be found in the Temptation of St. Anthony. These transfigurations rest both on Pagan and Christian authority, and if any thing could be supported by the mere force of repeated assertion, the monstrous varieties of man would become undeniable.

Pliny exerted surprising industry in accumulating authorities for human monsters;* many of these were supposed to exist among the northern nations, such as the Arimaspi, who had only one eye, and employed themselves in stealing gold from the Gryphons, those compound animals which the ancient naturalists have dressed up for us. Milton employs this fable in a fine simile, describing Satan's laborious flight through the chaos.

As when a Gryphon thro' the wilderness
With winged course, o'er hill or moory dale,
Pursues the Arimaspi, who by stealth
Had from his wakeful custody purloin'd
The guarded gold.— *Par. Lost. b. ii. 943.*

* Lib. viii. c. ii.

One of the authorities quoted for this story is Herodotus, who expressly says that he does not believe it.*

Another race of the Scythians were born with feet turned behind the leg, "*aversis post crura plantis*," and were (of course) wonderfully swift. Others had heads resembling those of dogs, with long ears, and were armed with talons; Ctesias says, they were in number one hundred and twenty thousand. This is "profound and solid lying." In other nations, the people were monocolous, that is, having only one leg,† or sciapodous, having feet so large as to shelter the whole body, in a supine posture; these were the first parasols: *In majori æstu humi jacentes resupini, umbra se pedum protegunt*. Near these, according to Pliny, lived the pygmies, but they must be confessed to look extremely small beside such astonishing neighbours.

* Clio.

† See modern authorities for this story, in the *Orig. and Prog. of Lang.* vol. i. b. ii, c. iii.

Yet they had still better company ; for westward of the pygmies lived a nation without necks, and with eyes in their shoulders ; and near them, the Astomores, who have no mouths, and are nourished by the smell of fruits and flowers.

This is the substance of a chapter which has ornamented the pages of many a naturalist and cosmographer, with figures so ingeniously horrible, as almost to beget a belief of their reality, by the apparent difficulty of feigning them.

It must be owned, in vindication of Pliny, that he asserts none of these wonders without authority, and that many of them are mentioned simply as facts advanced by former writers. Several of his relations are taken from those of the Greeks, said to have been employed by Alexander in embassies to the eastern princes. Pliny's attention has preserved the folly of these men, which could have well been spared, to our days.

Pomponius Mela* says, the pygmies in-

* Lib. iii, c. 34.

habited part of Egypt, and fought with the cranes to preserve their corn. Solinus also asserts their existence.*

Strabo remarks, on this subject, that most of the writers on India, before his age, were egregious liars.

Aulus Gellius, however, asserts the existence of pygmies,† and Eustathius, in the notes on Dionysius.

Ælian is quoted as supporting the same opinion, and even as describing the Pygmæan form of government. Whoever takes the trouble of reading Ælian's account,‡ will perceive that he relates the whole as an idle story; but this is the method of making quotations, to which literary adepts generally think themselves entitled.

From these pure fountains a croud of later authors have drawn the belief of pygmies; St. Augustine comes first, by right,||

* Cap. xv.

† Lib. iv. c. ix.

‡ Hist. Anim. lib. xv. c. xix.

|| De Civitat. Dei. lib. xvi. c. viii.

as an assertor of the pygmies, then follow, Majolus, Antonius Pigafetta, Jovius (de rebus Moscovitarum) Odericus (de rebus Indicis) Caspar Schottus, in his Collection of wonders, Joannes Eusebius Nierembergensis, Caspar Bartholine, in an express dissertation, Weinrichius, Licetus, and Casanio. I do not pretend to have consulted all these respectable authors (who are nothing less than *Clarissimi*) on this subject, but I find them quoted by many others, with whom it would be easy to swell the list.

Writers differ greatly in their accounts of the seat of the Pygmies, being chiefly solicitous to remove them sufficiently far from themselves, according to a just remark of Æneas Sylvius, *semper longius miracula fugere*. The prophet Ezekiel speaks of Tyre as being garrisoned by Pygmies.* Horstius supposes the sense of this passage to be, that

* Chap. 27. Our translation calls them *Gammadims*.

the centinels, on the lofty towers of that city, appeared, to a spectator on the ground, of a very diminutive size.

It is less surprising that St. Augustine should credit the reality of Pygmies, because he had been an eye witness of greater wonders: he asserts, in one of his sermons, [ad fratres in eremo] that he had preached to a nation without heads, and with eyes in their breasts. This may indeed be considered, by those who explain away every thing, as a figurative expression; but we must not pretend to understand St. Augustine better than the learned bishop Majolus, who quotes this passage in his *Dies Caniculares*, as a certain proof of the monstrous varieties. Besides, it would be uncharitable to reject a fact of so much consequence, in the decision of that curious question, *An monstra salutis æternæ capacia?* which the learned bishop affirms, because of St. Augustine's mission to the Acephali.*

* In the modern editions of St. Augustine's works, this passage is retrenched.

The force of party has extended even to these fictions, apparently remote enough from either civil or religious divisions. Thus, the *Monachus Marinus*, *Episcopus Marinus*, & *Vitulo-Monachus*, in Ambrosini's edition of the frightful folio of Aldrovandus *de Monstris*, seem to have been engendered in the extremity of hatred against religious orders.

It is to be regretted, that among his other treasures, Palæphatus has omitted to place a derivation of the belief in Pygmies: possibly because the word did not admit of a pun.

There is no proof, unless this fable be supposed a proof, that the ancients were acquainted with those varieties, which are really inferior to the usual standard of human size; was this opinion an approach to the hypothesis of the *Scale of Beings*? Such it seems to have been in the hands of Paracelsus, who supposed the Pygmies to be different in their origin from men, and to consist of the *Caro Non-Adamica*.

Scaliger is blamed by Aldrovandus, in his *Treatise de Monstris*,* and by Bulwer, in his *Artificial Changeling*,† for denying the existence of Pygmies, because they cannot be found in Ethiopia or Arabia, where Pliny and Mela had placed them: this circumstance, both the moderns think of no weight; *argumentum nullius valoris*. They missed one strong argument, that is, Pomponius Mela's assertion, that the Pygmies were extirpated by their wars with the cranes. Of this Addison has availed himself very successfully, in his *War of the Pygmies and Cranes*; in the introduction to which, he has raised up a new and beautiful landscape of the ruins of the Pygmean empire :

Nunc si quis dura evadat per saxa viator,
Desertosque lares, et valles ossibus albas
Exiguus videt, et vestigia parva stupescit.
Desolata tenet victrix impuné volucris
Regna, et securo crepitat Grus improba nido.

* Page 40.

† Page 499.

He has even furnished, from this story, a highly poetical origin of the fairies :

Elysii valles nunc agmine lustrat inani, .
 Et veterum Heroûm miscetur grandibus umbris
 Plebs parva : aut si quid fidei mereatur anilis
 Fabula, Pastores per noctis opaca pusillas
 Sæpe vident Umbras, Pygmæos corpore cassos,
 Dum secura Gruum, et veteres oblita labores,
 Lætitiæ penitus vacat, indulgetque choreis,
 Angustosque terit calles, viridesque per orbes
 Turba levis salit, et *lemurum* cognomine gaudet.*

Unless we can resolve to adopt Mela's ac-

* Perhaps we owe this elegant passage to the following lines in *Paradise Lost*, where the fallen spirits in Pandemonium contract their size to gain room, and

Throng numberless, like that Pygmean race
 Beyond the Indian Mount, or faery elves,
 Whose midnight revels by a forest side
 Or fountain, some belated peasant sees,
 Or dreams he sees, while over-head the moon
 Sits arbitress, and nearer to the earth
 Wheels her pale course, they on their mirth and
 dance

Intent, with jocund music charm his ear;
 At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.

Book i. ver. 780.

count of the matter, however, I believe Scaliger's objection must remain in full force, against the existence of Linnæus's Troglodyte; for Pygmies are not found in the habitations which he assigns them, namely, the confines of Ethiopia, the caves of Java, Amboyna, and Ternate, or in Malacca. The Albinos, on whose peculiarities he appears to found his definition, were never proved to exist as a nation;* on the contrary, wherever the history of an Albino could be traced, it was found to have been born in ordinary society. It is true Linnæus attempts to distinguish between his Troglodyte and man, by ascribing to the former the *Membrana Nictitans*, but anatomists in general know very well, that man possesses that membrane also, though without the power of expansion.

Besides, Linnæus's Troglodytes are placed at a very great distance from the sup-

* Wafer's single testimony is not sufficient proof.

posed seat of the Albinos, which is said by the best authorities in this case to be near the isthmus of Darien. Whether, then, the Pygmean history be derived from the frequent appearance of dwarfs in society, or whether, like the Short Club in the Guardian, it be the invention of ambitious little men, we must send back

——the small infantry
Warr'd on by cranes——

to the poetical quarter, for sound geography and natural history disclaim them.

Linnæus admits, with rather more hesitation, his variety of the *Homo Caudatus*: he is uncertain whether he ought to be ranked with men or apes, and is deterred from placing him among the latter, chiefly because he lights his own fire, and roasts his victuals. “*Homo Caudatus, hirsutus, incola orbis antarctici, nobis ignotus, ideoque utrum ad hominis aut simiæ genus pertineat, non determino. Mirum quod ignem excitet, carnemque asset, quamvis et cruda voret, testi-*

monio peregrinantium.* Of the few authorities which Linnæus has produced in support of this variety, I have only been able to consult one; but others have occurred to me at different times, which I am now going to mention.

Pausanius is the most ancient authority for the existence of men with tails.† He is more frequently quoted to this purpose, because he derived his story from the very person who saw such a race, in the Insulæ Satyriades, at which he touched, on being driven westward while he was sailing for Italy. The inhabitants, says Pausanias, are red, and have tails not much less than those of horses.

Pliny introduces among his other wonders, men with hairy tails, of wonderful swiftness, but I think without any authority. This is all the testimony afforded by antiquity of the Caudatory variety, unless the

* System. Natur. tom.

† Attic. lib. i. p. 43.

fable of the Fauns be reckoned some confirmation. Modern times have produced more advocates for it. After the natives of Europe began to penetrate into the east, authorities multiplied. Marco Paolo, who had the fate to be disbelieved in every credible assertion, was believed, when he reported that he saw in the kingdom of Lam-bri men with tails of the length of a span.* Peter Martyr describes a nation in India, who have hard, immoveable, crooked tails, of a span long, resembling those of crocodiles; so inconveniently appended, adds he, that they are obliged to use perforated seats.

Majolus, Aldrovandus, and Bulwer, quote a story from Major, and Joannes Neirembergensis, of a generation produced with tails, in Kent, or Dorsetshire, as a punishment of some disrespect shewed to the missionary, St. Augustine, soon after his landing. Bulwer was informed,† that in his

* Lib. iii. c. xviii.

† Artif. Chang. p. 410.

time, there was a family in Kent, whose descendants were tailed; "insomuch," says he, "that you may know any one to be rightly descended of that family, by having a tail." He adds, as a more probable account, that the inhabitants of Stroud, near Rochester, incurred the curse of tails, by cutting off the tail of Archbishop Becket's horse. "Insomuch as you may know a man of Stroud by his long taile. And to make it a little more credible, that the rump-bone, among brutish and strong-docked nations, doth often sprout out with such an excrescence, or beastly emanation, I am informed by an honest young man of Captaint Morris's company, in Lieutenant General Ireton's regiment, that at Cashel in the county of Tipperary, in the province of Munster, in Carrick Patrick church, seated on a hill or rock, stormed by the Lord Inchiquin, and where there were near seven hundred put to the sword, and none saved but the major's wife and his son; there were found among the slain of the Irish, when

they were stripped, divers that had tails near a quarter of a yard long. The relator, *being very diffident of the truth of this story*, after enquiry, was ensured of the certainty thereof, by *forty soldiers*, that testified upon their oaths they were eye-witnesses, being present at the action. It is reported also that in Spain there is such another tailed nation."

The story of the miracle of St. Augustine seems to have gained currency in early times, as we learn from a passage in Fuller's *Worthies*. "When there happened in Palestine a difference betwixt Robert, brother of Saint Lewis king of France, and our William Longspee, Earl of Salisbury, heare how the Frenchman insulted our nation. *Matthew Paris*, A. D. 1250, p. 790. *O timidorum caudatorum formidolositas! quam beatus, quam mundus præsens foret exercitus, si a caudis purgaretur et caudatis.* "O the cowardliness of these fearful *long-tails!* how happie, how cleane would this

our armie be, were it but purged from *tailes* and *longtailes*.”*

I might add the testimony of Sir John Maundevyle, of fabulous memory, were there not reason to fear, that in the conceptions of unphilosophical readers, he would disgrace so much good company. There is less necessity for employing any doubtful evidence, because the celebrated Dr. Harvey is my next witness. He introduces a story of a tailed nation, in his fourth Exercitation de Generatione Animalium, chiefly, it would seem, for the sake of the fact, for it has very little connection with his subject. “Chirurgus quidam,” saith the learned doctor, “vir probus, mihique familiaris, ex India Orientali redux, bona fide mihi narravit, in Insulæ Borneæ locis a mare remotioribus & montosis, nasci hodie genus hominum caudatum (uti olim alibi accidisse apud Pausaniam legimus) e quibus ægrè captam virginem (sunt enim sylvicolæ) ipse

* Fuller's Worthies. Kent.

vidit, cum cauda carnosâ, crassâ, spithamæ longitudine, intra clunes reflexa, quæ anum & pudenda operiebat." Slight hints are sufficient for men of genius; and we may perceive by the inference we are about to add, with how much reason nature is jealous of discovering her mysteries, since Dr. Harvey having gotten a tail of a span long into his hands, immediately fathoms the final cause of the structure with it; "Usque adeo velari ea loca voluit natura." This great authority proved a seasonable support to the caudatory system, at a time when anatomists were much divided concerning it. Among some it made such progress, that Caspar Hoffman did not scruple to call the *Os Coccygis*, the mark of a tail in untail-
ed animals; "*caudæ in non-caudatis nota.*" But Riolan, that pompous declaimer on the dignity of the human frame, sharply reprehended Hoffman for this irreverend expression, which shocked his delicacy severely, and moreover touched him in a tender part; I mean, his hypothesis of the final cause of

the sedentary posture. "Homo enim ad sedendi commoditatem, says he, solus nates habet, ut commodè sedere possit ad meditandum et philosophandum. Sedens enim anima (ex Aristot. 7. Phys.) prudentior est."

Diemerbroeck, an eminent writer on the plague, and author of a System of Anatomy, in quarto, says, he saw a child newly born (in 1638), which had a tail a foot and half in length, resembling a monkey's. The mother told him, that she had been frightened by a monkey at an early period of gestation.

Aldrovandus gives a figure of a monstrous fœtus with a tail; Caspar Schottus (in 1662) introduced a tailed man into his Choice Collection of Prodigies; what a happy time had literary men, when philosophical books were made up of such diverting extravagancies!

In that volume of the *Miscellanea Curiosa*, published in 1689, Dr. Michael Frederic Lochner relates a case of a Puer cau-

datus, which came under his own inspection. The story, which must lose by repetition, out of the doctor's own quaint Latin, is briefly this. Dr. Lochner was consulted for the son of a respectable family, about eight years of age. When the particulars of his disease were enquired into, the parents, instead of answering, shook their heads and wept. The doctor was confounded, till recollecting, he says, the *Titulus jurisconsultorius de ventre inspiciendo*, he began to unbutton his patient's waistcoat; but the patient stopped him, by giving him to understand that the complaint lay elsewhere: on exploring then the *peccantis pueritiæ bifolium calendarium* (as he facetiously phrases it, after *Barlæus*), he found a tail reflected between the buttocks, of the length of a man's middle finger, and thickness of the thumb. The parents were desirous of amputation, but the doctor persuaded them that no inconvenience would attend this ornament, and thus, says he, they retired peaceably with their *Ascaniolus caudatus*. He

adds, that Dr. David Zollicofer observed a similar case at Basil, and the celebrated Blancard another in Holland.

In another volume of the *Miscellanea Curiosa*, to which I cannot immediately refer, a learned physician describes a puer caudatus, whom he examined carefully, in consequence of hearing him derided by his play-fellows, on the subject of this unlucky appendage.

I must regret my inability to consult the *Collection de l'Academie Royale de Sciences*,* for a paper on Men with Tails, published under the promising name of Otto Helbigius. I find a quotation from an author of this name, in Dr. Lochner's note, asserting the existence of *Homines Caudati* in the island of Formosa.

Here the matter appears to have rested, till the year 1771, when Dr. Guindant published his *Variations de la Nature dans l'Espece Humaine*, in which he took occasion to

* This is a separate work from the *Memoirs*.

assert the existence of men with tails, and even to corroborate the opinion with new examples. One of these occurred at Orleans, in 1718, where the subject, ashamed of his tail, submitted to an operation for its removal, which cost him his life. There can be no doubt of this fact, *because* it was taken from the *Mercure* for the month of September in that year. Doctor Guindant mentions two other instances, at Aix in Provence, one of a girl named Martine, the other of a Procureur named Berard, but he does not specify the length of their tails. And in his extreme zeal for the caudatory system, he asserts, that a man's courage is not diminished by such an appendage; as a proof of which, he mentions the *Sieur de Cruvellier* of La Ciotat, who, though he had a tail, distinguished himself greatly in some actions against the Turks. It is rather surprising, that the ingenious doctor did not consider the extraordinary necessity of courage, in a man who has a tail, as

that peculiarity must expose him to many affronts.

Dr. Guindant adds, but I fear from report, that the southern part of the island of Formosa, the Molucca and Philippine islands, contain whole races of men with tails, and that in the burning deserts of Borneo, the greatest part of the inhabitants are tailed.

An experimental philosopher of the highest reputation, furnishes another authority.

“ Travellers make mention of a nation with tails, in the islands of Nicobar, Java, Manilla, Formosa, and others. Koping relates, that when the ship on which he was aboard anchored near Nicobar, a number of blackish yellow people, having cat's tails, came on board. They wanted iron in exchange for their parrots, but as nobody would trade with them, they wrung their birds' heads off, and eat them raw. Bontius saw from the mountains, in the island Borneo,*

* In viewing a savage clothed with the skin of a quadruped, a traveller, intent on wonders,

a nation whose tails were only a few inches long, and in all probability only an elongation of the *Os Coccygis*. Ptolomy already had made mention of a people having tails," &c. &c.*

The latest evidence of such conformation (in the case of the school-master of Inverness†) is an honourable and learned writer, who has erected a most stupendous hypothesis on this unequal foundation of a span. What would Boileau's Ass say to all this evidence?

O ! que si l'ane alors, à bon droit misantrope,
Pouvoit trouver la voix qu'il eut au tems d'Esopo,
De tous cotez, docteur, voiant les hommes foux,
Qu' il diroit de bon cœur, sans en etre jaloux,
Content de ses chardons, et secouant sa tete,
Ma foi, non plus que nous, l'homme n'est qu'une
bete !

might mistake the tail of his prey for a natural appendage.

* Bergmann's Physical Description of the Earth.

† Orig. and Prog. of Lang. vol. i. b. ii. c. iii.

There are few stronger proofs of the inutility of single observations, than this affair of the *Homines Caudati*. The only solid foundation of any of these stories, is an accidental elongation of the *os coccygis*, which we can easily conceive to happen, as that bone consists of four pieces: redundancies in other parts of the body are so frequent, in monstrous cases, that we cannot wonder to find a joint occasionally added to this part. Thus it is, that a few instances of dwarfs are multiplied by writers into nations; fewer instances of accidental mal-conformation of parts produce other nations—in books.

Men have complained for many years, and we complain at present, of want of facts; yet it appears, that in books of good character we find more facts than can be credited. Do we not want good observers rather than new facts? And is not the indiscriminate collection of facts an increasing evil? It is certain that in consult-

ing authors on the subjects they profess to examine, we are commonly as much disappointed as Mr. Shandy, when he applies to Rubenius for the ancient construction of a pair of breeches. Chemistry is perhaps improving under the fashionable method, because the principal experiments are frequently repeated, and because its objects being permanent, former errors have many chances of being discovered; but in other branches of knowledge, the number of facts, on the whole, overbalances their credibility. It is unfortunate, that since the means of publication have been so much facilitated, every man thinks himself entitled to observe and to publish. How many collections of pretended facts are daily offered to medical men, in which it is happy for mankind if the author's weakness be sufficiently evident, to destroy, at first sight, the credit of his observations! Writers who publish merely for the sake of reputation, may be solid enough for those who read for the sole purpose of

talking, but every man who is in quest of real knowledge must lament, that so few books are written with a design to instruct, and so very many only to surprise or amuse.

MENIPPEAN ESSAY
on
ENGLISH HISTORIANS.

Τῇ ὁγε θυμὸν ἔτερπεν.

Iliad: ix.

The following essay consists of prose and verse intermixed, a practice not very common at present, which may therefore require some explanation. Among the French writers, this mode has been much used in many celebrated productions; in this country, the excellence of Cowley's mixed pieces has served rather to deter, than to invite imitation. I recollect only two essays written on this plan, the *Polite Philosopher*, and the *Essay on Delicacy*, the first by Mr. Forrest, and the latter by Dr. Lancaster; but the poetry of those gentlemen differed so little from their prose, that the transition produced no remarkable effect. It seems favourable to an author's exertions, that he should be obliged to proceed no farther in verse, than his poetical impulse determines him; and that upon a change of subject, or a total deficiency of poetical ideas, he should be permitted to betake himself to prose. The best poets are unequal, and are obliged to admit occasionally weak or insipid verses, for the purpose of connecting the better parts of their work. But it must be allowed, that many laborious productions would have been much improved, if only the happier passages had appeared in the poetical form, and the remainder had been printed as plain prose. Much fatigue would thus have been spared to the author, and much disgust to the reader. It must be owned that there is something imposing in the appearance of verse; as a noted critic lately mistook the nonsense-verses in Pope's *Miscellanies* for a serious love poem; but my proposal is intended for the relief of a class of writers very different from Pope.

MENIPPEAN ESSAY ON ENGLISH HISTORIANS.

Since English writers have discovered the secret of uniting elegance and interest with the narration of facts, historical compositions have multiplied greatly in the language. The avidity with which they are perused was indeed to be expected, at a time when the love of reading proceeds to a degree of dissipation. In these productions, the reader feels his understanding improved, and his taste gratified at the same time; and for the sake of those who can only be allured by the dainties of knowledge, some historians have condescended to adopt the style of novellists, and to relieve the asperities of negotiation and war, by tender dialogue and luscious description. If some writers, envious of the treasures

they mean to impart, have sullenly involved themselves in Latin, they are however not more difficult than those who present us with ænigmatical English.

It was very late, before the class of historians became a respectable department of our literature. The natural reserve and coldness of our countrymen seems even to have influenced their publications, and to have made them sensible of the difficulty of telling the gravest story to the world. Meanwhile, tradition, corrupted by poetry, and other seductive causes, offered our own history to the reader, in a state more proper to exercise his critical powers, than to furnish him with either agreeable or useful information.

From bards, inspir'd by mead, or Celtic beer,
Burst forth the bloody feud, or vision drear,
Till each attendant bagpipe squeak'd for fear :*

* At thy well-sharpen'd thumb, from shore to
shore

The trebles squeak for fear, the bases roar.

Mac Fleckno.

They sung how Fin Mac Coul * controll'd the
fight,

Or Merlin rav'd with more than second-sight.
Down Time's long stream the dying music floats,
And cheats th' impatient ear with broken notes.
Lull'd by the murmur, antiquarians snore,
Of Highland-epics dream, and Druid-lore;
Or on the seeming steep, and shadowy plain,
Hunt the glass-castle, or Phenician fane.†

Next doleful ballads troll'd th' immortal theme;
Sung to the car, or whistl'd to the team:‡
Tho' wicked wits, from age to age, refuse
The homely ditties of the hob-nail-muse,
Long tost, the sport of mountain-air and winds,||
These P—y comments, and these Edwards binds.
Now from his store each restless rival draws
Rhyme's tarnish'd flowers, blunt points, and rusty
saws,

Till our bright shelves, in gilded pride, display
The trash our wiser fathers threw away.

Our early hist'ry shuns the judging eye,
In convents bred, the urchin learn'd to lie;

* Fingal.

† Glass-castle.] Vitrified forts in Scotland; and
the celebrated ship-temples in Ireland.

‡ Sung to the wheel, and sung unto the paille.

Hall's Virgidem.

|| ————rapidis ludibria ventis. Virg.

White phantoms wave their palms in golden meads,
And the pale school-boy trembles as he reads.

The later chroniclers, with little skill,
Darkling and dull, drew round th' historic mill.
In wild confusion strow'd, appear the feats
Of shews and battles, duels, balls, and treats ;
Here the rich arms victorious Edward bore,
There the round oaths which great Eliza swore :
And quaint devices, justs, and knightly flames,
And gay caparisons, and dainty dames.

The most striking defect in the present figure of history, is not meagreness, but inflation, which distorts her features, and confounds her proportions. Like the Roman,* who thought it increased his dignity to wear robes too long for his body, and shoes too large for his feet, some of our writers in this style have endeavoured to adapt huge words, and immeasurable periods to every trifling occurrence.

Such tumid lines a failing age betray,
As bloated limbs bespeak the heart's decay.

Some critics, fond of discovering analo-

* Plin. Epistol.

gies in science and art, have compared history with architecture: in this country, the progress of taste in both has some degree of correspondence. The dark tales, and wild historical ballads, may be compared to the caves and summer bowers of our remote ancestors. In the monkish histories, the religious gloom of the monastery perpetually overshadows us. And indeed, the similarity of old histories to Gothic edifices is so impressive, that we often meet with the thought. Two beautiful passages immediately suggest themselves. Mr. Hayley, in his *Essay on History*, says of Lord Clarendon:

Yet shall his labours long adorn our isle,
Like the proud glories of some Gothic pile;
They, tho' constructed by a bigot's hand,
Nor nicely finish'd, nor correctly plann'd,*
With solemn majesty, and pious gloom,
An awful influence o'er the mind assume;
And from the alien eyes of ev'ry sect
Attract observance, and command respect,

* This appears to me a harsh censure of the playful elegance, and complex regularity of Gothic architecture.

Strada, in the second part of his *Martus*, offers us nearly the same image on the same subject:—"ut nonnullæ ædium sacrarum rudes attritæ ac vetustate propemodum corruptæ religiosius interdum coluntur, quam quæ magnifico sunt opere atque eleganti; sic illa incuriosa sermonis structura sæpe numero majorem habet venerationem ac fidem."

To pursue the figure, the works of our historians, who wrote before the reign of James I. may be compared to the old baronial castles, strong and dreary, full of dark and circuitous passages, but interesting by the very melancholy which they inspire. In these compositions, the glimmering sentiments, obscure explanations, and the artificial combination of incidents, remind us of Gray's

Rich windows, that exclude the light,
And passages which lead to nothing.*

As the study of the Greek and Latin

* Long Story.

writers prevailed among us, a mixed style was introduced, similar to that which we condemn in buildings of the seventeenth century; where we perceive an unsuccessful attempt to combine ancient elegance with modern rudeness. Where an ornament, beautiful in itself, is often misplaced, so as to appear ridiculous; the artist, for example, transferring those decorations which would have graced the nobler parts of the edifice, to add to the enormity of an over-grown chimney.

At length the æra of elegant simplicity arrived, when our writers and artists became convinced, that the easiest method of excelling, consisted in a close imitation of the models of antiquity. We have seen good taste carried nearly to its point of perfection; and as great exertions seem to exhaust the moral, as well as the physical world, we have perhaps witnessed the first symptoms of its decay. Robertson was simple and correct; Hume was more lofty, uniform, and approached the point of Attic elegance. But

other authors have thought it necessary, to cover their marble with gold and azure; in their avidity of beauties, they have amassed the most incongruous figures, and have blended them in one glare of barbarous magnificence.*

An excess of polish and refinement, among other inconveniences, tempts the historian to suppress or vary the strong, original expressions, which trying occasions extort from men of genius. Yet these, infinitely superior to phrases which have cooled in the critical balance, always form the brightest ornaments of a well-composed history. They transport our imagination to the scene, domesticate us with eminent men, and afford us a kind of temporary existence in other ages. Few of our writers, excepting Lloyd, have attended sufficiently to the preservation of these flashes of sentiment and

* Such writers oblige us to recollect Quintilian's observation respecting figures; "*sicut ornant orationem opportunè positæ, ita ineptissimæ esse cum immodicè petuntur.*"

intelligence. A single word sometimes conveys as much information of character and principles, as a whole dissertation. An old French historian, for example, in describing the punishment of some peasants, defeated in an insurrection, by an officer of the Emperor's, in 1525, displays the ferocious intolerance of that time by one epithet. "Il punit grievement les prisonniers, signamment les meurtriers du Comte d' Helfestein, et entre autres un, sur lequel il pratiqua une GENTILE invention. Le criminel fut contraint amasser un tas de bois, autour d' un posteau, fiché au milieu d' une grande place, auquel puis apres on le lie, d' une chesne portant un peu outré le bois. Ainsi quand l' executeur eut allumé le feu de toutes parts, le malheureux couroit autour se rotissant peu a peu luy mesme."*

When a prevalent taste for a certain smoothness and splendor of style is established, the value of such a decoration is easily over-rated.

* Laval, Hist. des Guerres Civiles, p. 24.

And writers, capable of doing good service by a laborious union of facts, are compelled to waste their exertions, in imitating those favourite turns of expression, which they can never incorporate with their own diction, by the strongest mechanical efforts. It gives pain to a good-natured reader, to see his author engaged in such unavailing struggles; for some persons can no more acquire a good style, than a graceful manner, and in both instances, the affectation of unattainable graces only adds distortion to clownishness,

Vain such a boast of polish'd style,
We seem to hear the rasping file
As thro' the labour'd lines we drudge;
If sullen nature grace deny,
Not VESTRIS can the fault supply,
Nor win to praise the sneering judge,

Indeed, if an elegant writer adopt a favourite class of metaphors, it is pursued to extermination by his imitators. At one time, all occurrences were like a race; afterwards they were like a battle; lately, they

have resembled a ship. At present, light and darkness are the favourite sources of figures. Every subject is *luminous*, or *shaded*; and every author, proud to exhibit his lanthorn at noon like Diogenes, is eager to "light his farthing candle at the sun."*

When an historian merely translates in patch-work, like Knolles (whom Dr. Johnson has unfortunately dragged into notice, by injudicious praise), he is easily misled by the formal track of those grave authors, who treat all parts of their subject in the same manner. When the story thus comes unexpectedly to a full stop, a very ludicrous surprise often follows the most tragical history. To avoid the offence of particular application, I shall try the effect of abstracting such a passage from Laval, whom I have just quoted. It relates to the siege of Poitiers, by the French Protestants, in 1569.

"On the 24th of August, the festival of St. Bartholomew, the besiegers began, ear-

* Young's Love of Fame.

ly in the morning, to batter in breach, with twenty-two pieces of cannon; and fired all day without intermission, so briskly that the whole city shook. They seemed determined to overturn every thing, by so furious an attack, for they had never raged in such a manner before; and it was said, that this was their last effort, if we could resist which, there would be nothing more to apprehend. They were so diligent, that they fired near eight hundred cannon shot that day; so that several officers declared, that considering the number of their guns, it was impossible to keep up a more terrible discharge.

“ The garrison expected the assault, about two or three o'clock in the afternoon, when it was supposed that the breach would be practicable; and in fact, about half an hour past one, it was so large, that for more than an hundred paces, a man on horseback, in complete armour, might have entered it without difficulty. About that time, therefore, the enemy drew up in order of battle, on

the rising ground of the suburb, covered in front by a wall, which extends from St. Cyprian to the said suburb. They were all in white surcoats- - - and we could see their officers flying from rank to rank, haranguing and encouraging them. They seemed to threaten, at the same time, the Pré l'Abbesse and Pont Joubert, which, notwithstanding the inundation, they expected to force: they had also on this side another division of their troops, who were in full expectation of supping in the town, and called to our people to get ready for them. - - - In the mean time, they fired from all their batteries, especially on those places which they designed to attack.

“The poor townspeople, though quite unaccustomed to such thunder, were indefatigable in carrying beds, fascines, barrels, and other things, to cover the breach. Every one did his duty, without being terrified by seeing his neighbour fall.---- A single bullet would carry off four or five good soldiers; and several poor people, workmen, and others, were killed while they were busy

in repairing the breach; while the nobility who were present were covered with the blood of the slain, yet kept their posts to encourage the men. It is a certain fact, that several persons were killed between the legs of the Sieurs du Lude and de Ruffec, so that their clothes were dyed in blood, yet they did not quit the breach, but shewed themselves on the top of it, to evince their alacrity to encounter the enemy.-----When they saw what countenance the enemy kept, the alarm-bell was rung, to give notice of the assault, and the Srs. de Guise and du Lude, having ordered every one to his post, took, respectively, the charge of the breaches, one of that of Pré l'Abbesse, and the whole of that face; the other, of that which was made that day, between St. Radegonde and St. Sulpice; both very large, and difficult to be defended.

The Italians being prepared to go to the breach, and harangued by one of their leaders, swore on the crucifix to die sooner than to fail in their duty. And before they took

their post, falling on their knees, in the church of St. Radegonde, they devoted themselves to God with such earnestness, that the bystanders could not refrain from tears.-----

“ In the mean time, the principal ladies of Poitiers retired into the castle, and betook themselves to their prayers with great fervency. A strong body of horse patrolled the streets, to prevent disorders, and compel the people to assist in the defence. Every thing thus prepared, Mr. de Guise and his brother, with a good troop of brave men, guarded all the breaches of Pré l'Abbesse and Pont Joubert (where the town was open to an assault), and at the grand breach, newly made, was the Count du Lude, who defended the centre, with the Sieur de Ruffec and other gentlemen on his right. The Sieur de Montpezac, with some gentlemen of his dependance, was stationed on the left.

“ The enemy, who, from the rising grounds, saw almost every thing that passed in the town, perceiving the firm

countenance which the garrison shewed, DID NOT COME TO THE ASSAULT."

However ridiculous this lame and impotent conclusion may appear, it is yet more inconvenient, that historians, fond of a figurative style, are extremely averse to deliver any fact, in a manner intelligible to readers less instructed than themselves. They often notice an important event, as a possible case, and tempt the reader, from the plain road of narration, into pleasing and sportful fields of digression, where he is sometimes arrested by a display of the "*non-vulgaris eruditio*," and sometimes by exhibitions not very suitable to the dignity of history.

Let us suppose an author of this class to describe some event, which he desires to rescue from obscurity, such as the taking of Cashel in Ireland, during Cromwel's usurpation; a fact equally illustrious with many, which the industry of modern historians has deigned to illuminate.

"A numerous body of natives, distrusting the mercy of the victors, had fortified

themselves on the steep and difficult hill of Cashel, in the county of Tipperary. A royal residence, converted by the piety of its monarch into a magnificent cathedral, and once dignified by the priestly functions of the Prince of Munster, offered at once the means of defence, and the motives of resistance. A generous enemy would have respected the attachments of patriotism and religion; but Ireton had learned to despise the impression of episcopal grandeur.

“On the northern side of the choir, was elevated one of those lofty, conical towers, which have exercised the genius of antiquaries, respecting their origin and destination. The most probable opinion assigns them to the sect of *Stylitæ*,* anchorites, who to withdraw their attention more completely from

* “Dr. Campbell, in his Philosophical Survey of the South of Ireland, supposed these towers to have been belfries, because he found bells or bell-ropes in most of those which he had seen. *Post hoc, ergo propter hoc*, I fear, is bad logic. The best view of one of these towers, is in the Virtuosi’s Museum, plate xxiv.”

sublunary objects, mounted the aspiring summit of a tower or pillar, and consumed the revolving years of a monotonous existence, in gazing intently on the heavenly bodies. Some of the ancient philosophical sects, received their denominations from their places of instruction: these holy men, condescending, in this instance, to follow a heathen example, took the name of pillar-climbers, from the seat of their contemplations.

“ Simeon, a shepherd of Syria, founded this sect in the eighth century. Perhaps, as superstition is strongly imitative, the austerities of Simeon drew their origin from the mysterious exercises, annually performed in Syria, on elevations apparently very different in their original design. From the traditional honours of the colossal symbols, dedicated by Bacchus to Juno, in the sacred city,* an imagination inflamed by solitude

* “ See the treatise *Περὶ τῆς Σοφίας Σειν*, inserted among Lucian's pieces. In the description of the temple of Hierapolis, the author, whoever he

and a burning sky, would pant after the pure and privileged region of watchful seclusion. But even in Syria, it became necessary to shelter the candidate for ascetic honours, in

was, treats at some length of these singular antiquities.

“ ——— οὗ Φαλλοὶ δὲ ἑσσι ἐν τρισὶ προσωλαίοις δύο καρτὰ
μεγάλοι. ἐπὶ τῶν ἐπιγραμμάτων τοιοῦδε ἐπιγεγραπταί,

ΤΟΤΕΔΕ ΦΑΛΛΟΤΣ ΔΙΟΝΥΣΟΣ
ΗΡΗΡ, ΜΗΤΗΡ, ΑΝΕΘΗΚΑ.

Other monuments, of a similar kind, erected in the same temple, to Bacchus, contained the *νευροσπασα*, or, in the familiar language of the antiquarian (for I cannot suspect Lucian of writing such a cold catalogue of absurdities) *ανδρες μικρους εκ ξύλων πικτοποιημενους, μεγαλα αιδοια εχοντες*. He adds, that one of the colossal *φαλλοι* was yearly ascended, by a man who remained on the summit for seven days. The reader who wishes to know how such a monument, three hundred cubits high, according to the original, or even thirty, by the correction of criticism, could be ascended without the aid of steps, or any security for the feet, may consult Reitzius's excellent edition of Lucian, tom. iii. p. 475, where his curiosity will be amply gratified."

his permanent residence, when the places of the inanimate Neurospasta were supplied by the vigour of living saints. The majestic emblem was therefore excavated, and a winding staircase facilitated the access of the votary. Perhaps an arched roof completed the figure, and the hermit, elevated on the mystical summit, enjoyed the visionary raptures of his proximity to superior intelligences. Such an edifice, in the hour of danger, could only serve to descry the approach of an enemy, marked by the progress of terror and desolation. On minds rendered fierce and sanguinary, by the habit of deciding theological differences with the point of the sword, the religion of antiquity could not operate; and if the regiment of Inchiquin was destined to the attack, it was probably designed to weaken the imputation of cruelty, which an English commander would have incurred by the refusal of quarter.”*

* “ In the extermination of the garrison, insult was added to outrage : the victors pretended, that

Our passion for oriental history, and the peculiar character of the specimens with which we have been favoured, must remind the most careless observer of the distorted railing, shapeless pavilions, and gilded dragons, which the love of what was called Chinese architecture poured into our fields and gardens, a few years ago. Indeed, the attraction of novelty, however hideous, has proceeded so far, that in reading some late productions, one cannot avoid thinking of the Sicilian Prince, who surrounded his villa with statues of monsters, only remarkable by the extremity of their distance from truth and probability.

But, tired of this extravagance, we now begin to recal the Gothic labours of our ancestors into our pleasure-grounds; we crown the artificial mound with the shivered donjon, and wind the ivy round the unfinished pinnacles of the mimic abbey.

among the slain, several *homines caudati* were discovered."

While good taste is contented with simply restoring the traces of ancient grandeur, caprice disfigures whatever it attempts to embellish, and prefers absurdity of invention to correct imitation. So it has fared with those who have revived select portions of English history, mingled with a certain degree of sentiment and fiction. In some of these attempts, the small chasms of private history are so dextrously supplied, and the bare line of general narration is so happily ornamented, that we readily give up our fancy to a delusion, which instructs while it imposes on us. In the inferior productions of this kind, all intricacy and distress revert to the common peace-breaker of novels, love. All state-mysteries and revolutions are imputed to some sighing damsel in her ruff and farthingale;

Some whisker'd peer, with song and sonnet big;
Some tender Damon, in his lion-wig;

and the author, presuming on his reader's inadvertence, does not scruple to bestow

youth, and the hearts of young ladies on a paralytic senator, or to represent a beauty as inexperienced and frail in her grand climacteric. An anachronism of thirty or forty years, however injurious to ancient characters, is easily overlooked :

Thus harshly Maro treats the Tyrian dame ;
 Tho' sev'ring time protects her spotless fame :
 Safe from the pious chief's imputed lust,
 Scarce ev'n their skeletons could mingle dust.
 Ye beauteous maids, who fire the modern lay,
 With merit humble, and with virtue gay,
 Tho' with such sacred heat your charms allure,
 That ev'ry melting thought but runs more pure,
 (As, on Helvetian hills, the virgin-snow
 Takes its fine polish from the solar glow)
 Yield your soft pity to the injur'd shade,
 Whom Virgil's arms, disdaining time, invade.
 No guiding angel taught her to descry,
 Thro' fabled dreams, the ruler of the sky ;
 No hope yet fann'd the soul's immortal flame,
 Her hell was censurè, her religion fame.
 Of these short hopes, ye poets, what abuse ;
 Penelope is chaste,* and Dido loose !

* Tradition has made very free with the character of this lady, notwithstanding the praises

It must be owned, however, that in the passion for restoring ancient beauties, some deception has taken place. If an author,* professing to vindicate the character of an unfortunate princess, has thought proper to falsify the features of a medal yet in existence,† what credit shall we give to his account of circumstances which he could only know by conjecture? Some of the champions in this cause have, indeed, displayed great abilities, and great charity; and nobody, I imagine, could be more surprised by the result of their enquiries, than the unhappy subject of them.

Could she from cold oblivion peep,
And see her modern portrait shine,
So pure, so holy, so divine,
Round which ev'n wits and scholars weep;

bestowed on it by Homer. In some parts of Greece, altars were raised to her, as the patroness of promiscuous intercourse,

* Dr. Stuart, in his *Hist. of Scotland*.

† See the profile of Queen Mary, in that work, where the features are very different from the pinched cheeks and turned up nose of the celebrated medal, from which it is said to be taken.

The nymph, who on the mountain's steep
Once more adorn'd poor Darnley's brow *
Would rouse her from her tedious sleep,
With many a hymn, and many a vow ;
And drawing from her bosom deep
Those tales 'bout which historians vary,
Beg, while her humble sinews bow,
Protection from the new St. Mary.

By the uncertainty of historical truth, and by the appearance of success, which in certain periods, attends the worst men, and the most wicked designs, some have been induced to prefer romantic to real history, as the more favourable to virtue. But fiction is always more feeble than truth; for the most difficult task of imagination, is the invention of incidents; and those who wish to improve by experience, cannot be too accurate in determining the real connection of the facts, from which they are to conclude.

* A tradition, from which a hill, in the neighbourhood of Linlithgow, takes the denomination of *Cocu le Roy*.

A fable may illustrate a moral apophthegm, but can add no force to a political maxim.

Some eminent philosophers, on the contrary, attaching too much importance to mathematical demonstration, have wished to confine the knowledge of history to certain undeniable facts, and would deprive us of some of its most engaging passages, to prevent the possibility of deception. But the essence of history, or indeed of any study, requiring much labour, is always apt to evaporate in the moment of enjoyment. It is nearly impossible to transmit the result of our own labours into the minds of others, who have not qualified themselves for their reception by the necessary degree of previous research. Or, if they are understood, they can only furnish the reader with an author's opinions, of which he knows not the foundation, and that can never become active sources of knowledge, like those which he might obtain by his own exertions. After all, how small is the class of readers, who study history, with the expectation of acquiring vir-

tue or experience ! To those who are destitute of the habits and discipline of literature, history is little better than a splendid pantomime, where some of the spectators are delighted with the dexterity and boldness of the hero, others with the magnificence of the scenes, and the astonishing changes of the machinery; from such an entertainment, the majority carry away, perhaps, as many moral impressions, as they would receive from the study of Thucydides or Davila.

THE PUPPET-SHEW;

A DIDACTIC POEM:

partly translated from Addison's *Machinae*
Gesticulantes.

Written in 1788.

THE ARGUMENT.

Exordium — Merry Andrew — The Booth — Entrance of the Puppets — PUNCH — Revellings — Simile — A Battle — AMERICAN WAR — PIETY IN PATTENS — OMBRES CHINOISES — A Simile — PATAGONIAN THEATRE — SERIOUS BALLETS — A Vision — Philosophy of Puppet-Shews — The Marquis de Casaux — Poets are Puppets — Conclusion.

THE PUPPET-SHEW.

The wondrous pageants of an humble train,
 A tiny race, and nation void of brain,
 I sing. No heav'nly spark inflam'd their hearts;
 Their framer guiltless of Promethean arts.

Where the hoarse drum, and motley droll in-
 vite

The gaping mob, with foretaste of delight,
 Where jests are dealt to please the long-ear'd crew,
 As old as Miller's, and as C—t—y's new,

Admiranda cano levium spectacula rerum,
 Exiguam gentem, et vacuum sine mente popu-
 lum;

Quem, non surreptis cæli de fornice flammis,
 Inocua melior fabricaverat arte Prometheus.

Compita qua risu fervent, glomeratque tumultum

Histrion, delectatque inhiantem scommate turbam,

Led by the love of sights, or love of fun,
 To pit and gallery the audience run.
 Not equal benches hold the staring rows,
 But peerage-like, the fees their worth disclose;
 At length, the figur'd curtain rolls away;
 Full on the narrow stage the tapers play,
 Where crossing wires deceive the curious eye,
 That else too plain the homely fraud would spy.
 And now the actors croud, in squeaking droves,
 By painted domes, and Lilliputian groves;
 'Mid scanty scenes, like us they sport or jar,
 In narrow passes forms th' embattled war;
 Our pomps, our cares contracted to a span,
 The little mimics play gigantic man.

Quotquot lætitiæ studio aut novitate tenentur,
 Undique congressi permissa sedilia complent.
 Nec confusus honos; nummo subsellia cedunt
 Diverso, et varii ad pretium stat copia scamni.
 Tandem ubi subtrahitur velamen, lumina passim
 Angustos penetrant aditus; qua plurima visum
 Filæ secant, ne cum vacuo datur ore fenestra,
 Pervia fraus pateat: mox stridula turba penates
 Ingrêditur pictos, et mœnia squalida fuco.
 Hic humiles inter scenas, angustaque claustra,
 Quicquid agunt homines, concursus, bella, tri-
 umphos,

But o'er the rest see Punchinello rise,
 Of hoarser accent, and tremendous size !
 An ample clasp his jerkin's round confines,
 His well-taught eye with vivid motion shines ;
 Far-stretch'd before his jutting paunch appears,
 His lofty back o'erwhelms his humbled ears :
 Not with more terror to each sweeping gown
 Thro' country-dances plods the lab'ring clown,
 Than the small heroes, thro' the parted sheet,
 See his broad paunch precede his distanc'd feet.
 Proud of his bulk, and " huge two-handed sway,"
 He reigns, the tyrant of the puppet-play,
 Gibes his poor wooden slaves in wanton fit,
 "And shakes the clumsy bench with" antic "wit."

Ludit in exiguo plebecula parva teatro.

*Sed præter reliquos incedit HOMUNCIO rauca
 Voce strepens, major subnectit fibula vestem,
 Et referunt vivos errantia lumina motus ;
 In ventrem tumet immodicum ; pone eminet
 ingens*

*A tergo gibbus ; Pygmæum territat agmen
 Major, et immanem miratur turba gigantem.
 Hic magna fretus mole, imparibusque lacertis
 Confusus, gracili jactat convivia vulgo,
 Et crebro solvit, lepidum caput, ora cachinno.*

When courtly lords and shining dames are seen
 Round beauteous Grisild' or St. George's Queen,
 His saucy laugh disturbs the solemn place,
 And the room echoes to his pert grimace.
 Or wilder still, his lawless flame invades
 The modest beauties of the varnish'd maids ;
 The varnish'd maids with disapproving hiss,
 And coy reluctance, shun the saucy kiss.

But undisturb'd the meaner forms advance,
 And ply their little limbs in busy dance.

And oft with glitt'ring paste and tinsel gay,
 The wooden race their birth-day robes display ;
 In marshall'd order trip the ladies bright,
 And lordlings sparkle on the vulgar sight,
 While the small people, joining in the press,
 Revive the dream of Pygmy-happiness :

Quamquam res agitur solenni seria pompa,
 Spernit sollicitum intractabilis ille tumultum,
 Et risu importunus adest, atque omnia turbat.
 Nec raro invadit molles, pictamque protervo
 Ore petit Nympham, invitoque dat oscula ligno.
 Sed comitum vulgus diversis membra fatigant
 Ludis, et vario lascivit mobile saltu.

Sæpe etiam gemmis rutila, et spectabilis auro,
 Lignea gens prodit, nitidisque superbit in œstris.

As if the warlike dwarfs, relax'd from toils,
In knightly glories rich, and feather'd spoils,
Had quench'd in gentle ease, and soothing strains,
The airy terrors of the hostile cranes.

So when the stars their middle station keep,
The sportive Faries o'er the greensward sweep ;
In merry round they print the narrow ring,
And wave the yielding grass with nimble spring,
Whence kindly juices the glad soil bedew,
And the rich circle shoots with darker hue.

But sudden clouds the happy scene o'ercast,
Wars, horrid wars resound their dreadful blast,

*Nam, quoties festam celebrat sub imagine lucem,
Ordine composito Nympharum incedit honestum
Agmen, et exigui procerae, parvique Quirites.
Pygmæos credas positis mitescere bellis,
Jamque infensa Gruum temnentes prælia, tutos
Indulgere jocis, tenerisque vacare choreis.*

*Tales, cum medio labuntur sidera cælo,
Parvi subsiliunt Lemures, populusque pusillus
Festivos, rediens sua per vestigia, gyroꝝ
Ducit, et angustum crebro pede pulsitat orbem.
Mane patent gressus ; hinc succos terra feraces
Concipit, in multam pubentia gramina surgunt
Luxuriam, tenerisque virescit circulus herbis,*

Their hasty arms the wooden warriors seize,
 And desp'rate combat interrupts their ease.
 So short our pleasures: thus our bliss withstood!
 So dash'd with care is ev'ry mortal good!

Now front to front the dazzling lines appear,
 Raise the thin sword, or point the taper spear;
 With martial port they meditate the blow,
 And levell'd-muskets threat' the daring foe.
 Hark! the smart crackers spit their fiery breath,
 Hiss, bounce, and thunder in the field of death.
 Thro' ev'ry arch the mingled bursts resound;
 Thick-falling warriors strew th' unhappy ground,

Sometimes the sad detail of civil rage
 Lifts to sublimer aim the pygmy-stage.
 From Bunker's Hill now flaming rosin darts,
 Now dreadful Howe appals the Yankey-hearts;
 Here Burgoyne, forc'd to yield, forbid to fly,
 A well-dissembled Puppet! seems to sigh.

At non tranquillas nulla abduunt nubila lucas,
 Saep'gravi surgunt bella, horrida bella tumultu.
 Arma ciet truculenta cohors, placidamque quies-
 tem
 Dirumpunt pugnae; usque adeo insincera voluptas
 Omnibus, et mistae castigant gaudia curae.
 Jam gladii, tubulique ingesto sulphure forti,

A little Calpè shoots resistless fires,
 On Barnwell's gibbet Andrè's form expires:
 Or Rodney's thunder sends the Gallie foe
 Thro' canvas billows, to the depths below.

Inventive Foote produc'd, his wit to screen,
 Socratic puppets, and th' ambiguous scene;
 Hence chasten'd love and humble faith inspire
 The patten'd beauty, and the gen'rous 'Squire,
 Great lord of irony! he away'd the age,
 The peerless Plato of the puppet-stage.

Next, meagre France, who could afford no more
 Substantial forms to grace a rival shore,
 Sarcastic, taught in airy space to flit
 Her Eastern shades, with empty sounds of wit.
 Lo! half-conceal'd the dext'rous puppet plays,
 Beneath the artful veil's indulgent blaze;
 In flippant French the restless figures jar,
 And foreign sounds perplex the list'ning ear;
 But soon th' imperfect forms disgust the eye,

Protensæque hastæ, fulgentiaque arma, minæque
 Telorum ingentes subeunt; dant claustra fragorem
 Horrendum, ruptæ stridente bitumine chartæ
 Confusos reddunt crepitus, et sibila miscent.
 Sternitur omne solum pereuntibus; undique cæsæ
 Apparent turmæ, civilis crimina belli.

Darkling they come, and unregretted fly:
 So when the wand'ring chief the ghosts survey'd,
 That "squeak and gibber" in th' infernal shade,
 His wonder past, he view'd with careless ease
 Forms impotent alike to hurt or please.
 Then high the gen'rous emulation ran,
 Th' ennobled puppet tow'ring into man.
 Fair in the Strand the pleasing stage was found,
 With lovely art, and happy graces crown'd.
 There Shakespeare's wit in wooden gesture shone,
 There J—p—n's, blest, to please the eye alone!

With rapid step a nobler band succeeds,
 The FANTOCCINI, known by deathless deeds;
 Scarce man himself their promptness can surpass
 To trim the taper, or present the glass.

Behold Noverre the mimic art restore!
 Medea raves and Phædra weeps no more.
 Here sense and shew decide their long dispute,
 For man turns puppet, and the stage is mute.
 Ungraceful Hamlets, aukward Romeos fly!
 Let MOTHER GOOSE * more worthy themes supply.

* This passage might very well have been written at the time when the poem is dated; for the entertainment of *Selima and Azor* was taken from the story of *Beauty and the Beast*, in Mother Goose's Tales. The stage is now farther indebted to that learned author.

On the vast stage, o'er many an acre spread,
Be lowing herds and num'rous squadrons led ;
While BLUE BEARD fierce the fatal key demands,
Or PUSS IN BOOTS acquires the OGRE's lands ;
Or fair RED RIDING-HOOD, in luckless hour,
A helpless victim falls to fraud and pow'r,

Proceed, great days ! till poetry expire,
Till Congreve pall us, and till Shakespeare tire ;
Till ev'ry tongue its useless art let fall,
And moping Silence roost in Rufus' hall ;
Till nimble preachers foot the moral dance,
Till cap'ring envoys check the pow'r of France,
And full St. Stephen's see, with mute surprise,
The Opposition *sink*, and Premier *rise*.

But oh ! what God inspires my boding mind
To paint the glimm'ring prospect yet behind !
I see in gesture ev'ry wish exprest,
Each art, each science quit the lighten'd breast ;
No wand'ring eyes the distant heav'ns explore,
On two legs tott'ring, man descends to four.
Then, great Monboddó, proves thy system true ;
Again in caves shall herd the naked crew ;
Again the happy savages shall trail
(A long-lost gift !) the graceful length of tail :
In that blest moment, by indulgent heav'n,
Thy wish, Rousseau, and Swift's revenge are
given.

Now, whence the puppet's various functions came
The muse shall teach, and make instruction fame,

The workmen first the lumb'ring logs inform,
 And chip, and torture into human form ;
 Next string the limbs, and clasp the joints with
 art,
 Add piece to piece, and answer'ing part to part ;
 Then wheeling pullicies join, and flowing cords,
 Whose secret influence guides the wooden lords,
 And now the nice machine completed stands,
 And bears the skilful print of master-hands ;
 Seems in its new creation to rejoice,
 Th' imparted motions and the grafted voice ;
 As justly turning to the ruling springs
 As votes to ministers, or hearts to kings,

Nunc tamen uade genus ducat, quæ dextra la-
 tentes

Suppeditet vires, quem poscat turba moventem,
 Expediam. Truncos opifex et inutile lignum
 Cogit in humanas species, et robore natam
 Progeniem telo efformat, nexuque tenaci
 Crura ligat pedibus, humerisque accommodat ar-
 mos,

Et membris membra aptat, et artubus insuit artus.
 Tunc habiles addit trochleas, quibus arte pusillum
 Versat onus, molique manu famulatus inerti
 Sufficit occultos motus, vocemque ministrat,

Hence, learn'd Casaux,* thy earnest thoughts
began

To trace the jointed frame of polish'd man.
In some low booth, that on the rampart lies,
To catch in heedless throngs Parisian flies,
Where the wise Hebrew shone in tinsel-light,
Or Europe's princes charm'd thy tender sight,
Thy soul divin'd, for such the will of fate,
The shifting puppet-shew of pow'r and state.

Poets themselves in puppet-motions sport,
And steal sweet voices from th' Aonian court ;
Transporting sounds! that pass, with struggling
pain,

Our narrow organs in a ruder strain.
See, classic Addison with ease combines
Virgilian accents in his sportive lines :
But mine, weak offspring of a languid age,
Love the low roof, and haunt the humble stage—
Congenial themes the mimic muse requires,
And on mean altars lights her scanty fires.

His structa auxiliis jam machina tota peritos
Ostendit sulcos, duri et vestigia ferri :
Hinc salit, atque agili se sublevat incita motu,
Vocesque emittit tenues, et non sua verba.

* Author of the *Mechanism of Society*.

1

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

PHILOSOPHY DEPARTMENT

1100 S. MICHIGAN AVE.

CHICAGO, ILL. 60607

TEL: 773-936-5000

FAX: 773-936-5001

WWW.CHICAGOEDU.EDU

CHICAGO, ILL. 60607

CHICAGO, ILL. 60607

CHICAGO, ILL. 60607

CHICAGO, ILL. 60607

CHICAGO, ILL. 60607

CHICAGO, ILL. 60607

CHICAGO, ILL. 60607

CHICAGO, ILL. 60607

CHICAGO, ILL. 60607

CHICAGO, ILL. 60607

CHICAGO, ILL. 60607

CHICAGO, ILL. 60607

CHICAGO, ILL. 60607

CHICAGO, ILL. 60607

CHICAGO, ILL. 60607

CHICAGO, ILL. 60607

CHICAGO, ILL. 60607

CHICAGO, ILL. 60607

CHICAGO, ILL. 60607

CHICAGO, ILL. 60607

CHICAGO, ILL. 60607

CHICAGO, ILL. 60607

OF GENIUS.

From haunted spring and dale,
Edg'd with poplar pale,
The parting Genius is with sighing sent.

MILTON.

OF GENIUS.

It is useful to observe the effect of our early reading, in perpetuating false impressions, even among those who boast an emancipation from all prejudices of education. Hume's classical knowledge was too strong for his scepticism; for in one of his essays he supposes it probable, that such a scheme as that of the ancient mythology may have been carried into effect, at some period, in some part of the solar system. Camöens makes the Virgin Mary intercede with Jupiter, when the Portuguese are in danger, and seems as much attached to one religion as to the other. Vossius, of whom Charles II. used to say, that he believed every thing but the Bible, was another in-

stance of the ease with which men suffer the grossest impostures to gain upon them, when they are unhappily recommended by elegance and wit.* I am apt to imagine, that the extravagancies of the ancient poets, engraved on our minds by the rod, and too partially entertained by our relish of the more sober beauties of those authors, have sometimes deceived us in our estimate of human faculties, and have supported, unperceived, something of literary superstition and metaphysical mysticism, even to the present time. When we speak of a man who has made any considerable discovery in science or art, who has painted a good picture, written a fine poem, or a very good novel, we

* It is said, that when Vossius, who was a canon of Windsor, lay on his death-bed, the Dean came to persuade him to receive the sacrament. Vossius rejected the proposal with indignity : after some altercation, the Dean gravely said ; “ Mr. Vossius, if you will not receive it for the love of God, take it, at least, for the honour of the chapter.”

call him a man of genius, without understanding our own meaning. Books have been written, indeed, to explain the word genius, but speakers and readers have continued to doubt; for authors have agreed in the same error, of considering genius as a distinct power of the mind, while in reality, it originally denoted something totally independent of it.

I know not whether weakness or pride contributed more to those delusions, which appropriated a divinity to preside over the most usual, and the least dignified of our natural functions, but if the ancients supposed themselves to be supernaturally assisted on such occasions, it is not wonderful that they should lay claim to superior protection, in the bright and enviable moments of literary success. They believed, that every man was under the direction of one of the smaller deities, or ærial dæmons; a sort of valets to the superior gods,* and according to Seneca, tutors

* Apuleius de Deo Socratis.——quædam di-

of men; like the usual arrangement in families of distinction upon earth. Se-
pone in præsentia quæ quibusdam placent :
unicuique nostrum pædagogum dari Deum,
non quidem ordinarium, sed hunc inferioris
notæ, ex eorum numero quos Ovidius ait
*de plebe deos.**

These obsequious inhabitants of the air,
who at their leisure-hours chased swallows
and crows, obtained the general name of
genius. And some eminent men, in their
atrabilious moments, have fancied that they
discerned the presence of such attendants.
It would appear, however, that Socrates
and the Platonists, confined the influence of
the genius chiefly to presages, and directions
in religious ceremonies. The poets thought

vinæ mediæ potestates, inter summum æthera et
infimas terras, ***** inter terricolas cælico-
lasque vectores, hinc preëum, inde donorum ****
Horum enim munus et opera atque cura est, ut An-
nibali somnia orbitatem oculi comminarentur, Fla-
minio extispicia periculum cladis prædicant, &c.

* Senec. Epist. cx.

themselves of sufficient importance to deserve a separate establishment, and made their genii stationary on Parnassus. But after the introduction of Christianity, when the learned embarrassed themselves, by retaining the Platonic doctrine of dæmons, to grace their systems of magic, the genius was not only considered as a supernatural attendant, but as a being possessed of most extensive knowledge, which he was disposed to communicate on certain considerations. *Marinus*, a biographer of *Proclus*, has asserted that *Rufinus*, a man of consequence, and no doubt a very able statesman, observed one day the head of *Proclus* surrounded with rays (such as we denominate a glory) while he was teaching; “ut divino signo,” says *Brucker*, “qualis in hoc corpore dæmon lateret, omnes intelligerent.* Non puduit itaque *Marinum*, vitæ hujus *Compilatorem*, divinæ inspirationis (θείας ἐπιπνοίας) participem eum fuisse, asserere,

* *Hist. Critic. Philosoph.* tom. ii. p. 332.

et vultum oculosque ac ora divinos radios sparsisse mentiri." Proclus affected to believe, that he was assisted in the composition of his works by the goddess Cybele. Hence the visionary hopes of forming a commerce with angelic existences, which dissipated the hours of many ardent scholars. The Paracelsian and Rosicrucian follies, and the most sincere part of Alchemy, as well, perhaps, as some late sects, derive their origin from this mixed and doubtful source.

This wild conjunction of mythology and magic formed a spell, not easily to be broken. An undefined veneration was attached to the term genius, which became more powerful as it was less understood. The influence of classical imagery, and its perpetual recurrence to inspiration, supported an impression, which, like the terror of nocturnal illusions, though disclaimed in public, and no longer existing as a system, still haunts the hours of silence and solitude. Poets, at all times the most incorrigible of the literary tribe, still dream of impulse, and mistake

their own idleness for the frown of Minerva. Morhoff, one of those singular characters, who acquire the belief of common errors, by extensive reading and profound meditation, was so struck with this impression, that he wrote a whole chapter, *de eo, quod in disciplinis divinum est*. He has indeed faintly rejected the syncretistic follies of the former age, but he perhaps allowed inspiration rather too largely, when he granted it to an Italian improvisatore, and to Valentine Greatrak.*

The concluding lines of Buchannan's address to Mary Queen of Scots, which have been reckoned so obscure, may be easily explained by this view of the former acception of genius.

Non tamen ausus eram male natum exponere fœ-
tum,

Ne mihi displiceant quæ placuere tibi.

Nam quod ab ingenio domini sperare nequibant,
Debebunt genio forsitan illa tuo,

* Polyhistor. Literar. lib. i. cap. xii. § 13. 28.

The feebleness of the poet's verses (as his modesty led him to speak), was to be protected by the genius of the Queen, which, by the courtesy of the age, was deemed of superior rank and power to the genius of a private person. I cannot suspect so excellent a poet as Buchannan, of any intentional play on the words ingenium and genius. In the Ajax Mastigophorus, Sophocles ascribes the hero's execrations to his evil genius, who alone, he says, could have invented them.

Κακα δεινάζων ῥήμαθ', αἰ δαίμων,
Κεῖδεις ἀνδρῶν, ἐδίδαξεν.

Lord Verulam had many strange fancies, about the genius attendant on great minds; he sublimed his notions on this subject with Van Helmont's doctrine of transmitted spirits, which referred all eminence in military and civil affairs, as well as in wit, to the force of perspiration.

The genii were sometimes supposed to be the spirits of departed men, especially those which were thought to revisit the places of

their former residence, or the scenes of their destruction : hence that passage in Milton ;

Henceforth thou art the genius of the shore,
In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
To all that wander in the perilous flood.*

With all this contagious mysticism floating from brain to brain, it is not to be wondered, that poets should be presumptuous and idle, or that readers should be slavishly timid. The votary of poetical frenzy fancied himself entering the temple of Apollo, and invested with the sacred characters of a priest and a prophet, when he “ poured forth his unpremeditated verse,” while the multitude, combining the most distant analogies, believed that in the writings of eminent poets, they discovered predictions, in which the author himself had been unconsciously prompted by his genius.

It was not enough to admire Virgil as a great Poet; his votaries were determined to venerate him as a prophet, and al-

* Lycidas,

most as a god. While altars were erected, and incense was burnt to him, by some of the first restorers of letters, the credulous explored their destinies in his pages, by the aid of false translation, and distorted inference. It is well known, that Charles 1. was greatly disconcerted and distressed, on finding the Sortes Virgilianæ unfavourable, at the beginning of the civil war. With the liberties of application allowed in these cases, it is easy to find a prophecy of any event, after it has taken place. If, for instance, a prediction is wanted of the calamities occasioned by the Pragmatic Sanction, it is ready in Juvenal ;

Inde cadunt partes, ex fœdere Pragmaticorum.

In this manner, the celebrated prophecies of Nostradamus have acquired the protection, even of the learned. Morhoff dwells with great satisfaction, on the number of important events predicted by this man, who wrote his rhapsodies in 1555. One of his rhimes was supposed to be accomplished sixteen

years afterwards, by the massacre of St. Bartholomew;

En grande citó, qui n'a pain qu'a demy,
Encore un couple St. Barthelemy.

But unluckily, in another quatrain, he foretold that in 1707, the Turks would conquer the northern parts of Europe, not foreseeing Prince Eugene. The couplet I have quoted, might, with the usual latitude of appropriating predictions, be applied to later occurrences, as some degree of similarity in the course of human affairs must often recur, when miracles are out of the question. But to shew how easily the rank of prophet may be thus obtained, I shall quote a passage from Camerarius's *Horæ Subcisivæ*, my edition of which was published one hundred and thirty-six years ago, which bears more minute characters of resemblance to recent events, than any thing I have met with;—" *Ne exempla tam longè petamus quid obsecro non perpassi sunt homines miseri nuper in carnificinis Gallicis, præser-*

tim Lutetiana? Quid enim vulgus, veluti ludos ageret, quibus humanus sanguis effunderetur, sævitiae, crudelitatis, libidinis, turpitudinis, ignominiae, tam in eos qui neci destinati erant, quam in alios qui pro innoxiiis habebantur, et quidam non solum erga vivos, sed erga mortuos etiam, non habita ratione ætatis, dignitatis, conditionis, aut sexus, omisit?

We can more easily pardon this tribute to those works, which are the pride and delight of all ages, when we consider the signs and conditions annexed to the character of a prophet, during the prevalence of the heathen mythology, and tacitly acknowledged by those who pay attention to the ravings of Brothers, or the Cheshire boy, among ourselves. When frenzy and imposture usurp the regard, which is only due to the oracles of truth, it becomes interesting to know the source of a delusion, capable of existing among any class of men, in ages which boast the possession of true religion. The state of mind in which men were anciently

supposed to acquire a knowledge of futurity, was formed by dreaming, drunkenness, madness, epilepsy, or the approach of death. In one word, delirium was the characteristic of a prophet: we cannot be at a loss for that of his admirers.

The Platonic philosophers of the eclectic class, thought that predictions were communicated during sleep, or immediately on awaking, by low voices.* This is now a very prevalent vulgar error, though undoubtedly of Platonic descent. In the ecstasy, which may be considered as a morbid state, a number of objects is obtruded on the prophet's senses, from which he can seldom form any conjecture. Such was the celebrated vision of Arise Evans,† in which he saw the restoration and succession of monarchy in this country delineated in the palm of his hand, without being able to deduce more from it, than that after four reigns

* Brucker. tom. ii. p. 444.

† Appendix to the first volume of Jortin's Remarks on Ecclesiastical History.

there would be a change of blood.* In all these operations the genius acts; the prophet is passive, and generally ignorant.

It appears not improbable, that an intoxicating potion was given to the Pythia, by way of ensuring the strength of her ecstasy.† There seems to have been some tra-

* I have in my possession a small tract by this man, written in 1656, to prove that Charles II. was the Messiah, destined to restore the Jews, in which is a prediction still more circumstantial and remarkable; "But I say, he that lives five years to an end, shall see King Charles Stuart flourish on his throne, to the amazement of all the world, for God will bring him in without bloodshed." Light to the Jews, p. 5. But mark the juggling of this fellow. This egregious prophecy, though said to be printed in 1656 on the second title-page, was in reality, only *published* in 1664, *four* years after the event. In this instance, therefore, he was clearly guilty of imposture. Prophecies, at that time, were party-matters. Evans prophesied for the Royalists; Lilly, a more successful knave, for the republicans.

† The Pythia always drank, before she placed herself on the Tripod.

ditionary knowledge handed down on this subject, for in Dr. Harsnett, Archbishop of York's Discovery of Popish Impostures, the girls who were exorcised had delirium excited, by nauseous potions and fumigations.

Delirious exclamations, in certain diseases, have been received as indications of future events; hence it has become necessary for those who aspired to the character of prophets, to make the multitude believe them to be afflicted with those diseases.* Lucian's Alexander learnt the art of frothing at the mouth, and the mob, as Lucian tells us, held his froth to be sacred. Epileptic complaints have certainly been familiar to men of great talents: Cæsar, Peter 1., and several others of distinguished merit, were subject to epi-

* Even philosophers, of the mystic class, have thought the imputation of madness an addition to their fame. "Porphyrius *** se secreto multa mysterio ex divino afflatu interdum disseruisse, ideoque PRO FURENTE habitum fuisse JACTAT." Brucker, Hist. Crit. Philos. tom. ii, p. 245.

lepsy. But it cannot be supposed that they were improved by the disease.

It is an unhappy circumstance, that philosophy has sometimes strengthened, instead of correcting vulgar prejudices. Plato's followers, by their description* of the *εὐθεστιασμός*, constituted madness a sign of inspiration. To the misfortune of mankind, the ravings of lunatics have often been more regarded than the arguments of wise men; but such a preference ought not to have been sanctioned by philosophers. This must surely have been one of the exoteric doctrines, calculated only for the porters and fishwomen of Athens. No doubt, the same causes which, in a strong degree, produce madness, may in a lower encrease the natural powers of the mind. Cardan, and a melancholy list of illustrious names, appear, in some parts of their writings, as mad as the author of Hultothrumbo, while in others they discover an extraordina-

* Brucker, Hist. Crit. Philos. t. ii. p. 445.

ry acuteness and sagacity. The popular prophets of this country, were all really or affectedly mad. They are now little read or respected; but they were formerly powerful engines of faction, and became the objects of repeated acts of the legislature. *Les rêves*, as Voltaire says of Plato, *donnoient alors de grande reputation*.

The courteous demons of antiquity have vanished, but they have left a kind of magic splendor over the heads of men of talents, which the herd of metaphysicians has beheld with awe. If a person of unassisted good sense were to enquire, what constitutes a man of genius, he would discover it to be a vigorous and successful exertion of the mind, on some particular subject, or a general alacrity and facility of intellectual labour. In a word, that genius consists in the power of doing best, what many endeavour to do well.

In the best treatises on this subject, there has been much of a fallacious method, which imposes equally on the author and the

reader; I mean, a prolix description of facts, substituted for a theory of their causes. Undoubtedly this kind of writing would be useful, if it were appreciated at its just value; but its facility, and its pretensions create prejudices against the more slow and difficult method of induction. Moliere has characterized this false philosophy by a single stroke: "*Quare facit opium dormire?—Quia est in eo virtus dormitiva.*" Behold the fruit of many a huge and thorny metaphysical quarto!

DIALOGUE IN THE SHADES.

DIALOGUE IN THE SHADES.

LUCIAN.—NEODIDACTUS.

Lucian.

YOU appear very melancholy, for a philosopher of the new stoical sect. Do you regret the glory, which you doubtless enjoyed in the other world? Or do you dislike the grim equality of the stalking skeletons which surround you? We cannot boast, indeed, of our gaiety, but we have tranquillity, which to a philosopher is much better. We enjoy our exemption from the perturbations of life, as the wearied mariner reposes in the still gloom, succeeding a mighty tempest.

Neodidactus.

Enjoy yourselves as you will; I am tormented by anxiety and doubt. By professing the doctrines of the new and pure philosophy upon earth, my character was ruined, and I was abandoned by society. Here, I find no one disposed to investigate my principles, excepting yourself, who, I suppose, intend to laugh at me, according to your custom. I had learned, indeed, from our master, that "the wise man is satisfied with nothing:" that "he is not satisfied with his own attainments, or even with his principles and opinions:"* but I feel that mine have produced the extremity of wretchedness.

Lucian.

You must then be extremely wise, on your own principles. But be not dejected. The world, I perceive, preserves its old

* Godwin's Enquiry concerning Political Justice, vol. i. p. 268. 2d edition.

character: mankind have seldom troubled their benefactors with expressions of gratitude.

Neodidactus.

I beg that you may never again mention so disagreeable a word to me. Gratitude, according to the new philosophy, "is no part either of justice or virtue;"* nay we hold it to be actually a vice,† when it results merely from our sense of benefits conferred on us.

Lucian.

By the Graces! this is very strange philosophy. In teaching men to be ungrateful, do you not render them wicked?

Neodidactus.

We do not embarrass ourselves much with the distinctions of virtue and vice; the motives and the tendencies of human actions are so complex, and their results so

* Enquiry concerning Political Justice, vol. i, p. 139.

† Ibid. p. 266.

uncertain, that we find it difficult to assign them places under those designations. We even doubt whether there be any such thing as vice.

Lucian.

You puzzle me: let me beg that you would explain yourself a little more clearly; unless your philosophy enjoins you to be obscure.

Neodidactus.

I will explain myself most gladly. Know then, that "vice, as it is commonly understood, is, so far as regards the motive, purely negative,"* and that "actions in the highest degree injurious to the public have often proceeded from motives uncommonly conscientious. The most determined political assassins, Clément, Ravallac, Damiens, and Gerard, seem to have been deeply penetrated with anxiety for the eternal welfare of mankind."* Our sublime contemplations lead us also to believe, that "ben-

* Enquiry, vol. i. p. 153, 154.

volence probably had its part in lighting the fires of Smithfield, and pointing the daggers of St. Bartholomew.”*

Lucian.

If I rightly understand you, murder and persecution are justifiable on the principles of the new philosophy.

Neodidactus.

Our only rule is the promotion of general good, by strict, impartial justice; whatever inconveniences may arise to individuals from this system, we disregard them, and as we allow no merit to actions which respect the good of individuals only, so we perceive no demerit in those which benefit the public, though they may considerably injure individuals. Justice, eternal justice must prevail.

Lucian.

But how shall this over-ruling justice be

* Enquiry, vol. i. p. 153, 154.

ascertained, or limited? If every man is to decide for himself and the world, confusion, and universal ruin must ensue.

Neodidactus.

You speak, O Lucian, of man in his present state; but we regard him in the state of perfection, to which he may attain by instruction and experience. We hope the time will arrive, when neither government nor laws will be necessary to the existence of society; for morality is nothing but the calculation of the probable advantages, or disadvantages of our actions.

Lucian.

By what means, then, shall those be corrected, who may err in their calculations respecting the public good, and eternal justice? For I suppose, you can hardly expect that all men will reason with equal acuteness, in the most enlightened periods.

Neodidactus.

By persuasion; the only * allowable method of supressing human errors. The establishment of positive laws is an insult to the dignity of man;† so greatly do we detest their influence, that we consider an honest lawyer as a worse member of society than a dishonest one,‡ because the man of integrity palliates, and in some degree masks the ill effects of law.

Lucian.

This part of your philosophy is not so new as you imagine. All punishments, then, would be banished from your republic, excepting the long discourses, to which you would oblige criminals to listen.

Neodidactus.

Punishment is nothing else than force,||

* Enquiry, vol. i. p. 180.

† Vol. ii. p. 399, 400.

‡ Vol. ii. p. 399.

|| Vol. i. p. 181.

and he who suffers it must be debased, and insensible of the difference between right and wrong, if he does not consider it as unjust.* “I have deeply reflected, suppose, upon the nature of virtue, and am convinced that a certain proceeding is incumbent on me. But the hangman, supported by an act of parliament, assures me that I am mistaken.”† Can any thing be more atrocious? more injurious to our sublime speculations?

Lucian.

Doubtless, philosophers of your sect must sometimes be thus disagreeably interrupted, in their progress to perfection. But in a society without laws, without the fear of punishment for offences, without the distinctions of virtue and vice, and destitute of the ties of gratitude and friendship, I feel it difficult to conceive, how the transactions necessary to existence can be carried on. You

* Enquiry, vol. i. p. 181,

† Id. p. 178, 179.

must depend much on family attachments, and on the inviolable regard which individuals should pay to their promises.

Neodidactus.

Family-attachments we regard as silly, and even criminal, when they tend to bias our opinions; and as to promises, our master has written a long chapter, to prove that they are great evils, and are only to be observed, when we find it convenient,

Lucian.

Did it never occur to you, that this system might produce more evil than good in the world? and that you have been recommending a plan, which instead of perfecting man, and improving society, must be destructive of every estimable quality in his breast, and must drive him again into savage solitude?

Neodidactus.

We cannot always answer for events.
“ Every thing is connected in the universe.

If any man asserted that, if Alexander had not bathed himself in the river Cydnus, Shakespeare would never have written, it would be impossible to affirm that his assertion was untrue.”* Such is our doctrine.

Lucian.

Your logic is equally admirable with your morality ; this species of sophism has been exploded with contempt by good authors ; you now revive it as one of your discoveries, and you may perhaps raise it to the rank of those which merit indignation.

Neodidactus.

Be not too hasty, facetious Greek ; you miscalculate, like all those who err, the quantity of energy necessary for this occasion. Our master has taken many of the things which you disapprove, from the writings of your friend Swift.

Lucian.

Yes, I am aware that a great part of your

* Enquiry, vol. i. p. 161.

new philosophy is stolen from Gulliver's Travels, and that the republic of horses was the archetype of your perfect men.* But come, that we may part in good humour, I will treat you with a sentiment, which I derive from a dear friend of Swift. "We are for a just partition of the world, for every man hath a right to enjoy life. We retrench the superfluities of mankind. The world is avaricious, and we hate avarice. A covetous fellow, like a jackdaw, steals what he was never made to enjoy, for the sake of hiding it. These are the robbers of mankind, for money was made for the free-hearted and generous: and where is the injury of taking from another, what he has not the heart to make use of?" What is your opinion of this?

Neodidactus.

It is admirably expressed, in the true spirit of our philosophy, and of impartial justice. Indeed our master has said some-

* See the Voyage to the Houynhms.

thing very like it.* Pray, in what divine work is this great truth to be found?

Lucian.

In the Beggar's Opera; it expresses the sentiments of a gang of highwaymen, an institution which approaches nearer to your idea of perfect society, than any other with which I am acquainted.

* Enquiry, vol. i. p. 208, and vol. ii. p. 444, 445.

KNASTER;

AN ELEGY.



WRITTEN IN 1791.

The following elegy was originally written, to rally a particular friend on his attachment to German tobacco, and German literature. It is well known to the learned, that the tobacco chiefly smoked by philosophers in Germany, is denominated Knaster; but it may be necessary to apprise the reader, that when this poem was composed, the fragrant weed was sold in covers, marked as low-priced tea, for the purpose of evading the excise laws. The subject did not appear considerable enough to excite the sympathy of the public, till I found that Professor KOTZBAUM had founded the distress of a serious comedy on a similar incident. In his *Indians in England*,* he represents an amiable Baronet, overwhelmed with affliction, from the want of a pot of porter, and a pipe of tobacco. Convinced of my error, by the approbation with which his work has been received, I have ventured to draw my elegy from the heap of my papers, and to produce it, with some slight alterations, and with the suppression of all personal allusions.

† See "The German Miscellany," by Mr. Thompson.

KNASTER.

Deep in a den, conceal'd from Phœbus' beams,
Where neighb'ring IRWELL leads his sable
streams,

Where misty dye-rooms fragrant scents bestow,
And fires more fierce than love for ever glow,
Damætas sate; his drooping head, opprest
By heavy care, hung sullen on his breast:
His idle pipe was thrown neglected by,¹
His books were tumbled, and his curls awry.
Beneath, the furnace sigh'd in thicker smoke,
Each loom return'd his groans with double stroke;
In mournful heaps around his fossils lay,
And each sad crystal shot a watry ray.

'Ah! what,' he cry'd, 'avails an honour'd place,
Or what the praise of learning's hectic race!
In vain, to boast my well-instructed eyes,
I dip in buckets, or in baskets rise;
Now plung'd, like Hob, to sprawl in dirty wells,
Now bent, with demon-forms, in murky cells,
Or where columnar salt enchants the soul,
Or starry roofs enrich the northern hole.

Not me th' adjacent furnace can delight,
That cheers, with chemic gleam, the languid
night.

In vain my crystals boast their angles true,
In vain my port presents the genuine hue ;
Nor spars nor wine my spirits can restore,
My Knaster's out, and pleasure is no more.

' To German books for refuge shall I fly ?
Without my Knaster these no bliss supply.
Here in light tomes grave MEINERS, prone to
pore,

Like thin bank-notes, confines a weighty store ;
Here BÜRCHER'S muse, with ghostly terrors pale,
Runs, " hurry-skurry*," thro' her nursery-tale ;
Here HUON loves, while wizard-thunders roll,
Here Gorgon-SCHILLER petrifies the soul ;
CRELL'S sooty chemists here their lights impart ;
Here PALLAS, skill'd in ev'ry barbarous art.
In vain to me each shining page is spread,
Without tobacco ne'er compos'd—nor read.

† ' Who Knaster loves not, be he doom'd to
feed

With Caffres foul, or suck Virginia's weed.

* *Hurry-skurry*: one of the phrases, by which
some translators of Burgher's Leonore have at-
tempted to convey an adequate impression of the
energy, and elegance of their original.

† *Qui Bavium non odit, &c.*

* At morn I love segars, at noon admire
 The British compound, pearly from the fire ;
 But Knaster always, Knaster is my song,
 In studious gloom, or mid th' assembly's throng.

‘ Let pompous BRUCE describe in boastful
 style,

The wond'rous springs of fertilizing Nile.
 Fool ! for so many restless years to roam,
 To drink such water as we find at home ;
 And know, to end his long, romantic dreams,
 That Nile arises—much like other streams.
 Far other streams let me discover here,
 Of yellow grog, or briskly-sparkling beer !
 But more my glory, more my pride, to see
 My Knaster cas'd, with pious fraud, like tea ;
 Glad soars the muse, and crowing claps her wings,
 At my discovery, hid, like his, from kings.

‘ Some chase the fair, some dirty grubs employ,
 And some the ball, and some the race enjoy.
 COOPER the courting sciences denies,
 And from their envied love to bleaching flies.
 Let serious fiddling nobler minds engage,
 Or dark black-letter charm the studious sage ;

* In spring the fields, in autumn hills I love,
 At morn the plains, at noon the shady grove,
 But Delia always ; absent from her sight,
 Nor plains at morn, nor groves at noon delight.

POPE.

I'd envy none their rattles, could I sit
To feast on Knaster, and Teutonic wit.'

Lo, while I speak the furnace-red decays,
And coy by fits the modest moon-beam plays,
Which thro' yond' threat'ning clouds, that bode
a shower,

Just tips with tender light the Old-Church tower.
Now wheels the doubtful bat in blund'ring rings,
Now "half past ten" the doleful watchman sings.
To-morrow *Bower* supplies my fav'rite store :
My Knaster's out—and I can watch no more.

A NORTHERN PROSPECT;

AN ODE.

Thou shalt not laugh in this leaf, Muse—
DONNE'S 5th *Satire*.

The following ode contains ideas, suggested by the extraordinary prospect from a rock, in the neighbourhood of Alnwick Castle. That view comprehends a series of antiquities, deeply interesting, not only by their magnificence, but by their relation to history; and frequently recollected by the author, amidst the exertions of active life, as the favourite scenes of his youth. Some readers may, perhaps, suppose that the thoughts are not sufficiently developed. But I have always considered it as essential to the ode, that it should indicate impressions, without dwelling upon them. The torrent of ideas, which characterizes this species of poetry, only presents an object with force, to hurry it more rapidly beyond the view of the spectator.

A NORTHERN PROSPECT.

When blazing noon illumes the plain,
 And tips each spiry dome with quiv'ring fire,
 Where Ratcheugh's pillar'd rocks aspire
 Swift let my steps the airy height attain.
 Around the various prospect thrown,
 Th' expanded sea's majestic zone
 In many a floating tint reflects the beam ;
 Dark stretch the wood's high-shelt'ring arms,
 The village spreads her simple charms,
 And shines afar the silver-winding stream.

Bold on the eye advance those tow'rs,
 Where Percy boasts his princely bowers,
 Crown the slope-hill, and awe the subject-vale ;
 In faded glory Warkworth's turrets rise,
 And point to yonder cell * the raptur'd eyes,
 Where figur'd rocks record the Hermit's tale.
 Swift o'er Howick's attic hall,
 And shelter'd Craster's sylvan wall,

* The Hermitage.

The view excursive flies,
 Where Dunstonburgh * o'erhangs the roaring
 tide,
 And lifts his shatter'd arms, and mourns his ruin'd
 pride.

Trembling o'er the rocky ground,
 His genius sends a hollow sound,
 Like the vex'd sea, when thund'ring winds are
 fled ;
 " Relentless hands, which these proud works de-
 fac'd !

Mistaken avarice, with such costly waste
 To rear the hardy peasant's simple shed !
 See Alnwick tower in Gothic pride ;
 The marsh exhale, the heath recede,
 In graceful wave the ductile river glide ;
 'Tis liberal power's creative deed,
 And far-conspicuous on the wat'ry waste,
 Bambrough's huge rock the massy structures
 crown :

On the black vale when rolling vapours spread,
 The turrets gleam high o'er the driving blast :
 Sharp † rear'd their drooping head,
 Beneath old Cheviot's frown,

* A romantic fortress, nearly demolished to en-
 large a farm-house, which lies at its feet.

† Dr. Sharp, late Archdeacon of Northumber-
 land.

See Ford's * white line the verdant slope adorn ;
But when shall rise my vernal morn ?
These fragments of Lancastrian pride,
These broken halls, these jutting mounds o'er-
thrown,
Rough gales, as thro' the mould'ring arch they
haste,
Learn, soften'd, to bemoan ;
While deaf'ning waves, with aggregated roar,
Surmount the wall they vainly lash'd before."

Dim-shewn in yonder leafy glade,
Sequester'd Huln her fair enclosure rears.
Sweet hope of peaceful years,
Well might'st thou haunt that cloister'd shade !
Let those proud trophies † tell
Where hostile monarchs fought and fell,
These walls beleag'ring round ;
Unhurt by war's tumultuous rage,
The tranquil monk illum'd the page,
Safe in thy consecrated ground.

Amid yon' happy woods
The careless rustic seeks his game,

* Ford Castle, repair'd by Lord Delaval.

† Monuments in the pleasure-grounds of the
Duke of Northumberland, which commemorate
the captivity of one king of Scotland, and the
death of another, while they were besieging the
castle of Alnwick.

Or in the murm'ring floods
 Ensnares the fry, by lonesness tame ;
 Nor heeds where creeping ivy's trail
 O'er knightly trophies draws its veil ;
 Nor, as the crumbling turrets fade,
 Remarks the abbey's shorten'd shade ;
 Unmov'd alike by piety and fame.
 Ye who catch at glory's flame,
 To yon' majestic walls repair ;
 Know Tyson,† Vescy,† or Fitzharding *
 there
 Spread their rich banners in the flutt'ring gale ;
 Learn to contemn, from their neglected tale,
 The wild ambition of a name.

† The Saxon, and first Norman Lords of Alnwick.

* Founder of Warkworth Castle.

FINIS.

ERRATA.

- Page 27, note, for Atque, read *Aique*.
 28, for Tritram, read *Tristram*.
 34, line 18, for grand, read *grands*.
 90, line 8, for away, read *awry*.
 141, line 3, for substantives, read *substances*.
 243, note, for proptes, read *propter*.

